THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For FEBRUARY, 1815.

VOL. XIII.

The Seventy-fourth Number.

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We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

The Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

The suggestion of L. K. M. *should have been attended to, even if no motive of interest had been held out to induce our compliance.*

We regret, that it is not in our power to profit by the polite attentions of Mr. Wilson, *as, independent of the gravity becoming our office, it is many long years since we ceased to pay our devoirs to Terpsichore.*

The Continuation of Fragments from the Pocket-Book of an Amateur, *is received.*

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 7.)

MISS EVE. As I was observing on the nature of my feelings, near to the place where I stood in the fields, the red and ardent colours of the sun, according to the expression in one of your selections, had just before shone through the branches of some large oaks that appeared almost coeval with the creation. This suited with a sketch I had taken that afternoon, made as a back-ground to contrast and set off the figure of a young female, taken from the subject of Lady Bothwell's Lament, her hands clasped, her long hair hanging down, grieving for her imprudence, and ruminating on her unfortunate situation. Drawing these trees detained me till the stars appeared. Venus, with her bright light and beauteous twinkling, attracted my admiration. At length the moon, as Milton observes, arose in silent majesty, but was soon obscured, and the sky became overcast. I hastened across the fields towards home, as it began to lighten, though it was only the harmless lightning of the clouds. In my progress I soon afterwards approached —— church-yard. The church is situated in the middle. I felt no apprehension, though alone, in being surrounded by the dead; for what are these mouldering machines that we should fear them any more than so many dead oxen, sheep, or pigs, that formed their nutriment? The lightning now became more frequent; it glared with awful brilliancy between some lofty trees that intervened between me and the dark sky. They began to bend and rustle in the wind. By the faint rays of the moon and the harmless lightning, I read this epitaph on a tomb-stone:—

Where you stand now,
There once stood I,
And view'd the dead,
As thou view'st me:

Ere long thou'lt lie
As low as I,
And others stand
And look on thee.

This made me reflect on the uncertainty and shortness of life, and brought to my mind some observations I have somewhere read to this effect:—"What are you proud of when you are proud of your riches, of your honours, of your relations, or of beauty, or strength of life? These are poor low things to glory in; when men glory in their pride, God stains the pride of their glory. Go to the graves of those that are gone before you, and there see—are not their bones scattered, their eyes wasted, their flesh consumed? Where now be those ruddy lips, lovely cheeks, fluent tongues, sparkling eyes, comely noses?—are they not all gone as a dream? and where will you be ere long?"

I then walked towards the church. One of its Gothic windows was open—all was silent and obscure; as there was only a faint, gloomy light, I could scarcely discern the pulpit and pews, except when the lightning, for a moment, made the whole apparent. A bat darted near me—I thought I heard a whispering—I started and turned quickly round. My reason told me that this was only imagination; but the truth is, I now began to be afraid, and found that I had better retire. It became suddenly very dark; the thunder rolled at a distance, and large drops of rain immediately fell. I was now in a manner compelled to stay; it thundered in several directions, the rain poured down in torrents, and I shrunk close under the eaves of the church for shelter. A vivid blaze of lightning dazzled me to such a degree, that I could not see for half a minute, and an immediate burst of rattling thunder, in several directions, quite subdued me. The church clock struck nine, and my heart went pit-a-pat. The storm soon passed over; the thunder rolled majestically on the opposite side; the rain moderated; I made my escape from my gloomy prison, and hurried home, where I arrived very wet.

Miss *K.* A stronger dose of what you experienced would appal the stoutest heart. If a chair were placed in a burial-vault, under a church, and one of the most heroic seated on it, and there shut up alone; if at midnight a rat should run over the coffins in these dreary alleys, or lightning render visible these dismal boxes and their shining ornaments; if the thunder were to roll in the troubled heavens, and the winds to whistle and groan; if a slimy toad or snake were to drop from the damp roof, and crawl over the foot, or up the leg of this hero, it would much abate his courage. But if the supernatural were admitted to act upon his feelings, then, indeed, he would soon be subdued, and his heart also would go pit-a-pat. If a damp cold hand were to pat him on the shoulder, and clap its long slender fingers on his cheek; if a dim light were suddenly to illumine this sepulchre; if the coffin-lids were to fly open, and the ghastly tenants to raise themselves up for the purpose of looking at a procession of the most frightful of the figures exhibited in the works of Jerome Boss, Peter Fritz, young Hellish Breughel, young Egbert Heemskirck, De la Bella, Callot, Teniers, Mor-

timer, and Fuseli—a procession of such dæmons, monsters, thunder, lightning, flames, cataracts of fire, and yelling furies as Shakspeare describes in Clarence's dream—this hero would be soon disembodied—mortality would sink under the fright.

Miss *Eve.* This is too terrible. The clash of armour, the clanking of chains, a hand darting from the earth, even indistinctness, that great source of the sublime, is terrible.

Miss *K.* This is well described in the Bible:—"A spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before my eyes; there was silence, and I heard the voice."

We are continually measuring and calculating, and what we cannot comprehend, we fear; because we do not know what power or inclination to our mischief is there, or how or whether we can guard ourselves against it. This is one great reason of our being afraid of darkness; because danger may lurk there unseen.

Miss *Eve.* I think you observed, some time ago, that when Eleanor, queen of Edward I. went to be buried, crosses were erected wherever the procession stopped on the journey.

Miss *K.* Yes; Queen Eleanor died near Lincoln, and in every place where the funeral procession rested, in its way to Westminster Abbey, crosses were erected.

A few years ago the tomb of King John, grandfather to Edward I. was opened at Worcester cathedral: here is an account of the state in which his remains were found:—

"Saturday, July 22, 1797.

"On Monday last, in consequence of a general reparation of the cathedral church at Worcester, the venerable shrine of King John was opened, wherein the remains of that illustrious personage appeared entire. His robes in which he was interred are undecayed, but the colour, through length of time, is not discernible. On one side of him lay a sword. The bones of his left arm were lying on his breast; his teeth quite perfect; his feet stood erect. The coffin, which is of stone, lay even with the surface of the floor of the church. His remains measured 5 feet 5 inches, being his stature when living. It is somewhat singular, that, after being deposited there 582 years, the body was not more decayed. This preservation is the most ancient one extant in England, of the lineal ancestors of his present Majesty. That of Henry I. which is the only one known of an earlier age, lies involved in that chaos of ruins, the abbey of Reading. King John died at Newark, in Nottinghamshire, October 9, 1215, and was buried, according to his own desire, in the cathedral church at Worcester."

Miss *Eve.* The remains of Henry I. were much mutilated before he was buried at the abbey of Reading.

Miss *K.* Yes; his death is said to have been caused by eating so immoderately of lampreys as to produce a fever, of which he died, December 1, 1135, at the castle of Lyon, in Braie, near Rouen. His

body was cut into several pieces, to be embalmed before it was brought to England; yet, from its having been embalmed, it is probably in excellent preservation.

Miss *Eve.* These deaths and burials produce a pleasing melancholy in the mind—sing me a song, Miss K.

Miss *K.* Shall I sing one written on the brave William Wallace, the noble defender of the Scots in the reign of Edward I.? or the ballad on Lady Bothwell, the subject of your drawing, called *Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament?*

Miss *Eve.* I will thank you for the latter.

Miss *K.*

Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thou'st be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy:
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals and flettering cheire
To me that time did not appeire;
But now I see most cruel hee
Cares neither for my babe nor me.
Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,
And when thou wakest, sweitly smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil;
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him maun still abyde;
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline:
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire of hir have care,
For women's banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne sin thy cruel father's gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maides be warn'd by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Here is a picture of Queen Eleanor of Aquitain presenting the bowl of poison to Fair Rosamond. It is painted from the following passage in Hull's *Fall of Rosamond*, act 5:—

Queen El. Drink ere this poniard searches ev'ry vein!
Ros. Is there no pity?—none?——This awful silence
Hath answered me, and I entreat no more.
Some greater power than thou demands my life;
Fate summons me, I hear and I obey.
Oh! Heaven, if crimes like mine may hope forgiveness,
Accept a contrite heart!

Miss *Eve.* Unfortunate lady! how pale and aghast she looks! how she seems to tremble, and to be uttering the words—

Is there no pity?—none?

What a determined vengeance actuates Queen Eleanor! her eyes sparkle with jealous fury.

I think there is an excellent old ballad written on this catastrophe. I was lately at Oxford, and saw the tomb of the hapless Rosamond at

Godstow, near that city, where is this Latin epitaph to her memory :—

Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi non Rosa munda:
Non redolet sed olet quæ redolere solet.

Will you repeat part of the ballad?

Miss *K.* If you chuse, I will sing this very old ballad.

Fair Rosamond.

When as King Henry ruled this land,
The second of that name,
More than his queen he dearly lov'd
A fair and comely dame.

Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour and her face ;
A sweeter creature in this world
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks, like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a beauteous light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom the queen Dame Eleanor
Was known a deadly foe.

The king, therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queen,
Did such a bower at Woodstock build,
The like was never seen.

Most curiously this bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong;
One hundered and fifty doors
Did to the bower belong ;

And they so cunningly contrived,
With running round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter or go out.

And for his love and lady's sake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of the bower he gave
Unto a valiant knight.

But Fortune, that doth often frown
Where she before did smile,
The king's delight, the lady's joy
Full soon she did beguile.

For why ? the king's ungracious son,
When high he did advance,
Against his father raised wars
Within the realm of France.

But yet before the gracious king
The English land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his lady fair,
His farewell thus he took :—

My Rosamond, my only Rose,
That pleases best mine eye ;
The fairest flower in all the world,
To please my fantasy ;

The flower of my affected heart,
Whose sweetness does excel,
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee now farewell!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebels to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see;
And in my heart when hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
Did hear the king say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart
Her outward looks did show.

And from her clear and crystal eyes
The tears gush'd out apace,
Which, like the silver-pearled dew,
Ran down her comely face.

Her lips, like to the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital spirits fail.

And falling down all in a swoon,
Before King Henry's face,
Full oft he in his princely arms
Her body did embrace.

And twenty times, with watery eyes,
He kiss'd her tender cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
Her senses mild and meek.

Why grieves, my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
The king did often say ;
Because, quoth she, to bloody wars
My lord must pass away.

But since your grace on foreign coasts,
Amongst your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
Why should I stay behind?

O let me in your royal tent
Prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your grace
At your return from fight.

So I your presence may enjoy,
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you my life is death,
Which doth true love abuse.

Content thyself, my dearest love,
Thy rest at home shall be
In England's sweet and pleasant soil,
To travel fits not thee.

Fair ladies brook not bloody wars;
Sweet peace their pleasures breed,
The nourisher of heart's content,
Which Fancy first did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock bower,
With music's sweet delight,
While I among the piercing pikes
Against my foes do fight.

My Rose, in robes of pearl and gold,
With diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
While I my foes do smite.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
To be my love's defence,
Be careful of my gallant Rose,
When I'm departed hence.

And there withal he fetch'd a sigh,
As though his heart would break;
And Rosamond, for very grief,
Not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieved sore;
After that day Fair Rosamond
The king did see no more.

For when his grace did pass the seas,
And into France was gone,
With jealous heart Queen Eleanor
To Woodstock came anon.

And straight she call'd the trusty knight,
Who kept this curious bower,
Who with a clue of twined thread,
Came from this lovely flower.

And when that she had wounded him,
The queen the thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
Did like an angel sit.

But when the queen, with stedfast eye,
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her mind
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That rich and costly be;
And straight drink thou this deadly draught,
That I have brought for thee.

Then presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the queen she crav'd,
For her offences all.

Take pity on my youthful years,
Fair Rosamond did cry;
And let me not, with poison strong,
Enforced be to die.

I will renounce my sinful life,
And in some cloister hide;
Or else be banish'd, if you please,
To range the world so wide.

And for the fault that I have done,
Tho' I was forced thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me
As you think good to do.

And with these words her lily hands
She wrung full often there,
And down along her comely face
Proceeded many a tear.

But nothing could this furious queen
Wherewith appeased be;
The cup of deadly poison strong,
As she kneel'd on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand;

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercy call;
And drinking up the poison strong,
Her life she lost withal.

And when that Death in every limb
Had done his greatest spight,
Her greatest foes did there confess
She was a glorious sight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Woodstock, near to Oxford town,
As may be seen this day.

JUNINUS.

A PICTURE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From the Port-folio of a Traveller.

THE Catholic worship has this advantage over the Protestant, that its churches are always open to persons disposed to devotion. Tell me not, Julius, that wherever we pray, there is a temple—the multitude must have sensible, material objects; and in truth, it is more elevating and more satisfactory to have an opportunity of pouring forth our sorrows and seeking the consolations of religion in a place exclusively appropriated to its solemnities. Though all who enter may not bring with them hearts impressed with a real sense of religion, yet should there be one only in this predicament, I would step up to him and silently breathe a wish, that his prayers may be heard.

Being obliged, during the summer of 1808, to reside at ****, I paid a daily visit to the cathedral, and found it at all hours full of persons engaged in prayer. My notice was particularly attracted by a lady in mourning, whom I always observed about noon at one of the altars, kneeling before a votive picture, representing a girl borne on angels' wings aloft to heaven. Sometimes two young women, of exquisite beauty, were kneeling beside her, but in general I found her alone. The deep-rooted grief, the tranquil resignation expressed in her countenance, all the traces of whose charms affliction had not been able to obliterate, the piety that beamed in her eyes as she raised them to the Blessed Virgin, always drew me irresistibly towards her. I never beheld her without a mixture of admiration, sympathy, and respect, and—smile if you please—her devotion always heightened my own religious feelings. One day I found her pale as death, while streams of tears trickled incessantly down her cheeks. Her sorrows overcame her; she rose abruptly, passed me with unsteady step, and was lifted almost senseless into her carriage. At the foot of a pillar at a little distance, I perceived a venerable old man, whom I had frequently before met in the most lonely alleys of the Park, where I sometimes so far conquered his reserve as to draw him into familiar conversation. When he had finished his prayers, I went up to him, and asked if he knew the lady in whose affliction my heart felt so deep an interest. "Indeed I do know her," replied he, raising his eyes swimming in tears towards heaven. "For thirty years I was her husband's valet, and have myself witnessed all the woes than which none more aggravated can befal a human being." We quitted the church; he directed his steps to the Park, and I involuntarily followed. "I could not help remarking your sympathy," said he, after a long silence, "and I honour your excellent heart; but what would be its feeling were I to relate to you all the circumstances of this horrible history! Come with me," he continued, "you have won my confidence; perhaps it will lighten my heart, if I pour forth my griefs into the bosom of a stranger." So

saying, he led me to a distant alley, seated himself beside me, and thus began :—

"The marquis of D***, my kind and beloved master, whom I carried in my arms from the time of his birth, was adored by all his tenants, when the revolution broke out, and transformed even these people into furies. His mansions were pillaged and demolished, and nothing but the most precipitate flight could have saved the lives of himself and his family. With a heart glowing with ardent love for his country, he resigned himself to his fate, voluntarily renounced all his pretensions, and withdrew into the most profound retirement. But even hither he was pursued by the blood-hounds of the reign of terror, and the most honest man in France fell by the guillotine. On the very same day that the father bled beneath the axe of the executioner, a son, who served under the banners of the republic, was wounded in the battle of Jemappe, became a cripple, and after languishing in extreme pain for several years, at length expired in the arms of his mother. The marchioness returned, on account of the education of her daughters, to her native town, and there lived in great seclusion, partly by the work of her own hands. There we had been but a few months, when the monster Lebon fixed his residence in the same town. Ask me not to recapitulate his numberless atrocities ; I strive to forget them, but their image haunts me incessantly. One evening as we sat together in our solitary room, we were terrified by the public proclamation of a great execution ; twenty-eight of our fellow citizens, and among them thirteen young females, were doomed to suffer the next morning by the axe of the guillotine. Lebon, with consistent barbarity, at the same time issued orders, that the people should all attend this spectacle; and signified, that it should be at the peril of life if any individual presumed to disobey this infernal command. Madame de D***, not yet recovered from a dangerous illness, was unable to leave her bed, and consulted me what was to be done. We saw no other alternative than for me take her eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, along with me. The dreadful morning came..... Oh God ! it is just fifteen years since this very day ! The marchioness summoned all her fortitude in order to appear composed, and enjoined Eugenia in the strictest manner to repress her tears and every demonstration of sympathy. We went silently along, and I trembled more than the child. The horrible tragedy began. I did not observe Lebon himself ; but his wife, a tiger in human shape, sat with a look of hellish triumph on the scaffold. I whispered Eugenia to keep up her spirits; she squeezed my hand, and replied—"Have I not promised mamma that I would ?" She stood beside me pale and breathless, but with a composure and resignation that excited my astonishment: in this tender bud, I saw a positive proof how much the female soul surpasses us in the patient endurance of pain and in fortitude amidst danger..... Sixteen victims were already sacrificed ; the seventeenth was led forth. She was the playmate and intimate friend of Eugenia. We expected

the dear girl to pass the same evening of the same day with us, to celebrate in quiet her mother's birthday—and here we beheld her dragged to the slaughter.——Eugenia shuddered; I felt her tremble violently; her tears were no longer to be restrained. I prayed to Heaven to protect her, but the measure of our misery was not yet full: the axe, having probably by this time become blunt, did not quite separate the head from the body; the executioner was therefore necessitated to finish the operation with a knife ..... This spectacle was too powerful for the revolted senses of the poor girl; she fell with a shriek of horror, as if lifeless, into my arms. The fury on the scaffold immediately fixed her basilisk eyes upon us. "Seize that aristocrat!" cried she,—"away with her to prison!" A hundred hands were instantly ready to tear the unconscious victim out of my arms. I entreated, I resisted; but what could a poor, feeble man like me do? Indeed, I cannot, even to this very moment, conceive how it happened that I was not dragged to prison along with her. My first movement was to follow Eugenia, but I considered, that it was more urgent to hasten to her mother, and concert means for effecting her release. Anxiety gave courage and strength to the marchioness, ill as she was; and we succeeded, by means of large bribes, in obtaining admission into the prison. What a scene for my grey hairs! what a trial for the heart of a mother! Madame de D*** sunk at her daughter's feet, and protested that she would never part from her unfortunate child; but I represented to her, that nothing but active measures could save her, and that these attempts ought to be made without loss of time.

"She flew to the judges, whilst I carried her gold to the gaoler. She knelt before Lebon. All was in vain! the most sacred thing in nature, the anguish of a mother, was turned into ridicule. The marchioness was extended insensible upon her bed, which was vigilantly surrounded by her friends to prevent any dangerous paroxysms of despair. To me was allotted the inexpressible pain of seeing the youthful victim once more. O sir! all the woes that ever befel this grey head put together, are nothing in comparison with these two miserable days. The tears of the poor girl when she fell about my neck in speechless agony, still seem to burn upon my cheek; so closely did she cling about me, that it required the whole strength of the gaoler to tear her away. The piercing accents in which she implored me to save her, still ring in my ears; and her pale figure, as she clasped her hands and sobbed forth—"Ambrose, dear Ambrose! must I then really die?"—is constantly present to my view. But enough, sir, enough! I feel that my grief is too powerful for my strength: yet I should never have imagined, that fifteen years would do so little towards diminishing it.

"Early next morning I was posted at the prison door; the victims were led out, and among them the innocent Eugenia. God must have sent his good angels to her; for from her countenance already beamed the glories of heaven. When she saw me, she folded her

hands over her bosom, and said in a low tone—"My mamma! my dear mamma!" The guard separated us, but I followed her as closely as I could; my eyes accompanied her upon the scaffold. ..... The church clock was just striking twelve when my Eugenia ascended the scaffold---I saw her led forward, and at length——yes, sir, these eyes witnessed the spilling of the most innocent blood. I felt but too clearly, that this sight would make me miserable for the rest of my life. At that time I could still weep---now my eyes have no more tears, and I daily implore Heaven in mercy to close them soon for ever."

"And the marchioness?" said I, as we rose from our seat, "whence did she derive strength and fortitude to triumph over death and despair?"—"She has still two daughters, who were then quite young children, and who without her would have been lost amidst the general misery: for their sake her great soul strove to support itself, and but for them the friendly hand of death would long since have put an end to all her sorrow."

I accompanied the old man to his home. Neither of us spoke another word, and we parted in silence.

THE DETECTED ROBBER.

In the year 1723, soon after the execution of the notorious Cartouche, one of his accomplices, who had not been accused, repaired to Lyons, settled in that city, and continued to carry on his old trade, but with such caution that no person had the least suspicion of his real character. By his engaging manners and his apparent opulence, he even succeeded in gaining access to the houses of people of distinction, and among the rest to that of Poulletier, intendant of the city. The latter was so taken with him, that he gave him a general invitation to his house, allowed him even to court the hand of his daughter, and after Pelissier had shewn him his family documents (which of course were forged), he gave his consent to their marriage. All the preparations were made for their union, and the nuptials were to take place in a few days, when the intendant received a written order from the minister to apprehend Pelissier, and to send him to Paris. Poulletier could not conceive the meaning of this order, and wrote back in answer to the minister, that there must be some mistake, as Pelissier was a most respectable man, and he would be responsible for him as for himself. A reply, not unaccompanied with threats, soon arrived from the minister. It was very audacious of the intendant, he observed, to presume to make remarks on an order from the king: he was again commanded to take Pelissier into custody; and was told, that he might convince himself this man was not so respectable as he imagined, by the circumstance of his being branded. The intendant could not recover from the astonishment into which he was thrown by a perusal of

this order; but as he durst not hesitate to obey any longer, he made the necessary preparations, and requested Pelissier, who passed the evening at his house, to give him a call the following morning. Pelissier, conceiving that he wished to speak to him on the appoaching marriage, accordingly waited upon his future father-in-law. The intendant had several police officers concealed in his house; as soon as Pelissier was left alone with him, he put the first order of the minister into his hands. Pelissier read it, and remarked, that he would surely not obey such a treacherous order: on which the intendant shewed him the second. Pelissier was again beginning to complain of injustice and treachery, when the intendant interrupted him.—"It is very easy," said he, "to prove that you are innocent or not. Only shew me that you have not been branded, and every doubt will be cleared up." Pelissier declined this proposal with a laugh, intimating that the charge was too gross for it to be worth his while to justify himself. The intendant's good opinion of him now began to be shaken, and he at length said, perhaps for fear Pelissier might be armed and assassinate him—"I must confess, that your refusal excites strong suspicions in my mind. If you are really the man designated in the order, frankly acknowledge it, and I promise to allow you time to depart. The police officers shall not be sent after you for some hours, so that it will be easy for you to escape from your pursuers. This indulgence I think myself bound to shew to a man whom I already considered as my son-in-law. Pelissier, in order to save his life, confessed that he was the culprit. The intendant thereupon opened the door, saying, "Take the best measures you can; in a few hours you will be pursued." Pelissier, however, was not out of the house, before he was seized and secured by the police officers. He was conveyed to Paris, and sentenced to be hanged. In his examinations he confessed several crimes, the perpetrators of which had never been detected, and among others the following:—As he was admitted into the best houses, and frequented the first companies, he always knew the time when people of distinction were going to leave the city. He then watched his opportunity, passed their carriage on the high-road, attacked and plundered them. He once learned, that in a few days a carriage would set out with a quantity of valuable effects. As he was not able to plunder it by himself, he looked round for an assistant, and at length found an officer, who had lost every thing at play, and was reduced to the brink of despair. By splendid promises, he strove to bring him over by degrees to his proposal, and when he finally consented, after a long conflict with his conscience, Pelissier asked, if he knew any one who could lend them a hand in their design. The gambler mentioned his valet, who was much attached to him, and had attended him in all his campaigns. The expedition was now planned and executed. The three highwaymen attacked and plundered the carriage. When they had finished their business, Pelissier intimated to his com-

panion, that they never could enjoy their booty in security as long as there was a witness of their guilt. The gambler understood the hint, and immediately shot his servant from behind. The assassin was instantly dispatched in the same manner by Pelissier, and the villain thus became sole proprietor of the plunder.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF HUMAN INGENUITY, OR CREDULITY.

There have been in all ages persons who have devoted indefatigable industry to the most unprofitable and useless pursuits, and who, if they had bestowed the same diligence on objects of utility, might have become distinguished benefactors of mankind. Every cabinet of curiosities contains abundance of proofs of such misdirected application. The two following instances may be noticed, not for their importance, but the first as a remarkable example of the credulity of philosophers, and the second on account of the ingenious remark made upon it by a naturalist of the highest celebrity.

The famous Baron Wolff, the founder of a new philosophy, or rather the propagator of the system of Leibnitz, one of the most voluminous writers that ever lived, and at the same time a man who has rendered very great service to science by his investigations and observations, gives, in his Metaphysics, some very just remarks on what we term great and small, on the infinite divisibility of matter, and on the discoveries made by means of the microscope; and relates on this occasion, without the slightest expression of doubt, that "a goldsmith made use of the point of a pin, which, through the microscope, exhibited the appearance of a considerable surface, full of hills and hollows, for the purpose of a copper-plate, and engraved on this field a troop of horsemen, in which each individual horse as well as rider might be distinguished." It is a pity that he did not tell us how the goldsmith contrived to polish this surface so as to be able to engrave upon it; or did he employ the hollows as ravines and defiles, and thus display his military talent also on the point of the pin?

In the most complete dictionary of Natural History that has hitherto appeared, and which was published about seven years ago, in 24 volumes octavo, by a society of naturalists, are related, under the article Puce (*Flea*), as proofs of human industry stimulated by this insect, two stories which we shall give in the words of the French naturalist by whom that article was written, for the benefit of our readers:—"A flea of middling size drew a silver cannon upon two wheels, which was eighty times as heavy as the insect: this cannon was charged with powder, and fired *without the flea appearing to be at all alarmed.*" Might not the poor creature have fainted away, and have thus been incapable of betraying any signs of fear?

"An English artist," he farther relates, "carved out of ivory a coach in which were four persons,

drawn by six horses; behind were two footmen, the coachman sat on the box, and a dog lay between his feet: the whole was drawn by a single flea."

In the first of these stories, what most challenges our wonder is, how the gunpowder was made with which the cannon was discharged.

THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

ALONZO was appointed, at the age of twenty-five years, commander in chief of the Spanish armies in the last war with the Moors. Youth, elegance, high birth, strength, and valour made him a hero, and his virtues a great man. With a heart susceptible of friendship, Alonzo felt the warmest attachment for Carlos, and Carlos was passionately devoted to him in return. The boundless love of the latter for Leonora, the daughter of Alvarez, disposed Alonzo still more to that tone of mind which heightens friendship in generous souls, and served to render him the more amiable.

The friends set out together for Africa. They shone like twin tutelar stars, at the head of the Spanish hosts. Alonzo could not divide with Carlos the rank of general, but he shared with him all the consequence that it gave. Equal respect was paid to the commands of both. Under such leaders, armies advance to victory only. At length the memorable battle of Oran decided the fate of the Moors, and put an end to the war in Africa.

The cruelties committed after this terrible conflict are well known. Torrents of blood flowed on all sides. The whole royal family was put death, with the exception of Zanga, a youth of eighteen, who alone was spared. He saw his father and his brothers murdered, his sisters violated, his country laid waste, his palaces reduced to ashes, himself enslaved, insulted, and abused by the meanest of the soldiers.

Alonzo knew nothing of the captivity of this prince. No sooner was he apprized of the circumstance, than with his own hand he loosed his fetters, and took care that Zanga should be treated with the respect due to his birth and his misfortunes: but, nevertheless, the young African, blinded by ignorance and pride, directed against Alonzo alone all the indignation and hatred excited in his bosom by the barbarities of which he too had been the victim.

The signal victory in which the army loudly exulted, cost Alonzo many tears; for, alas! it was purchased with the blood of his friend. Carlos, in order to decide the fortune of the day, having exposed himself too freely to danger, was wounded and taken prisoner. His fate was not known, and this uncertainty was extremely painful to Alonzo. At length Carlos wrote from his dungeon to his friend. He was immediately exchanged for 10,000 Moors, and Carlos returned to Oran.

What pen can adequately describe the meeting of the two friends! Alonzo never quitted his Carlos,

whose wound was not mortal. They even hoped soon to revisit Spain together, when Alonzo unexpectedly received orders from the court to repair immediately to Madrid. They were obliged to part, and, had they been parting for ever, their emotions could not have been stronger. Long did tears only speak the language of their hearts; at last Carlos embraced his friend:—"Enjoy," said he, "the honours which await you. Well you must know, that I envy you them not. I am grieved about nothing but my separation from my Leonora. See her sometimes, watch over her heart—to you I entrust what is most precious to me in this world!" Carlos pressed him once more to his bosom, and Alonzo set out for Spain, together with Zanga, whose unfortunate situation he strove, by all possible means, to alleviate.

Alonzo arrived at Madrid. Before he presented himself to the king, he flew, in obedience to the injunctions of friendship, to Leonora, the mistress of his Carlos, who had so often been the subject of their conversation. He had never yet seen her. His love of the chace and of the sciences, a certain wildness of disposition, perhaps also his natural bashfulness and the peculiar turn of his mind, had kept him out of the company of women, in whose society he too often felt some embarrassment. Besides, Leonora lived very retired with her avaricious father. Alvarez, however, received Alonzo as the hero of Spain, and the friend of the future husband of his daugher.

Alonzo saw Leonora daily; he never failed to expatiate on the love of her Carlos for her, and was charmed with her modesty, her gentleness, and all the engaging qualities of her mind and heart. The young hero felt a hitherto unknown and inexpressible delight in the opportunity of conversing with so charming a creature about Carlos. He had hitherto beheld all women without emotion, and almost without pleasure; he was a stranger to love, but so many virtues could not fail to inspire tenderness.—Alonzo confined himself to descriptions of his friend's love, in order to interest the heart of Leonora; he strove, by tender effusions, to win her attention, and thus gradually directed to his own person those feelings which he intended to excite, in favour of Carlos, in Leonora's mind. He soon ceased to speak of her lover; all the conversation related to herself. He had conceived an unbounded love for her, without being conscious of it himself, though it had long been known to Leonora. No sooner did he suspect his passion, than he endeavoured to change his behaviour. His disposition, his discourse, were no longer the same; but it was only the mode of expressing his passion that was changed. He affected to appear mistrustful, absent, melancholy, whimsical—but all to no purpose. These disguises rather served to make him seem more amiable. His confusion, his complaints, his silence, his strange humours, told Leonora what his attentions, his delicacy, his gentleness had long since proclaimed to her. Leonora, however, had not yet heard the words, *I love,* escape his lips. He scrutinized his heart to the very bottom, and found that it was completely

enslaved by love; but relying firmly on his virtue, he considered himself as only to be pitied, and not to be condemned. He would have fled, but he regarded flight as a weakness, as treason against his friend. Proud man! deemest thou thyself strong enough to triumph over love and woman? The prey of an ungovernable passion, art thou still a stranger to its terrific power?

Alonzo continued to pay daily visits to Leonora. How many virtues had he discovered in her tender soul! how many agreeable, how many seductive qualities in her mind! If he left her, it was to converse about her with Zanga, who encouraged his passion. Zanga, whose father, brothers, and subjects his countrymen had sacrificed, now possessed his entire confidence.

Thus did Alonzo pass several months, swayed by a passion which he abhorred, but which, as he firmly believed, it was in his power to stifle. When, however, he was informed, that Carlos was returning, his infatuation ceased, and he clearly perceived all the horrors of his situation. Plunged in gloomy thoughtfulness, he shuddered, and in vain summoned his heroic virtue to his aid. The counsel which that gave him, was flight. Having resolved upon this great sacrifice, he could not deny himself the melancholy satisfaction of acquainting Leonora with the imperious motives which urged him to such a step. He was a considerable time in her presence before he could articulate a single word. At length he drew an affecting picture of his passion, his torments, and his despair. "I am astonished at the conqueror of Africa," replied Leonora; "I conceived that torment and despair were the exclusive portion of the vanquished. Your love is a crime, it is high treason against friendship."—"Cruel woman!" cried Alonzo, "who art thyself the cause of this crime, which alone can furnish an excuse for thy barbarity. Were I not a sinner against earth and heaven, durst thou so so grievously oppress me with thy contempt? O Leonora, Leonora!——But what is it that I have done? To fulfil the wish of Carlos, I saw thee; I spoke in behalf of my friend, I sought only to gain thy esteem. I was irresistibly impelled to love; long have I sighed—to-day I die! Ah! Leonora! are not the torments I endure a sweet revenge to thee?" —"They might, perhaps, be so," answered she, "didst thou suffer alone."—"I conjure thee, say, who suffers with me?" cried Alonzo vehemently.—"Better were it for thee not to know; but let me be gone," said Leonora, and was about to retire.—"She weeps!" exclaimed Alonzo. "Oh Heavens! she weeps! What is the cause of these tears? Ah! Leonora, conceal nothing from me!"—"I do not know —but leave me, leave me." Alonzo, in violent agitation, threw himself at Leonora's feet. He found means to extort from her heart the secret late so terrible, but now most welcome. He discovered, that he had inspired her with a love not less ardent than that which burned in his own bosom, but he felt at the same time all the atrocity of this monstrous passion.

Leonora confessed, that her heart

had never been attached to his friend; that she had countenanced his suit only in compliance with her father's commands; that Alvarez, being now informed of her indifference and the ruined circumstances of Carlos, had resolved to break off the match, or rather requested Alonzo's advice how to act. He gnashed his teeth with agony at the cruelty of his situation. He was to decide his friend's misery or his own, and at what a moment? Just when he had experienced so severely the vicissitudes of fortune! A fearful pause betrayed to Leonora what was passing in Alonzo's soul. "Dost thou tremble?" she began. "For me, without doubt? But answer—my father has transferred his rights into thy hands."—"Alas! then, must I murder my friend?"—"No," rejoined Leonora, "be less barbarous—kill me. Thou art horror-struck at my proposal! I cannot forbear shuddering myself. My guilt is great, I acknowledge; but throw not all the blame upon me! Let some portion of it fall on *him* who neglected nothing to degrade me into a criminal."—"Alas! that happiness to which I prefer no claims, and for which I burned to live, surrounds me with all the horrors of death. O Leonora, why dost thou not hate me?"—"Alonzo, I cannot help loving thee. Long and obstinately have I withstood this passion, longer and more obstinately than thou."—"O Leonora, thy love I swear is the most precious jewel of my soul—it is the price of a whole year of sighs, sufferings, and torment. Melancholy recompence! O Carlos! O my friend! What! must I plant a dagger in his heart? Say, Leonora, must I?"—"Does it become thee, ungrateful man, so soon to do violence to our love? Deemest thou my passion so strong, or my virtue so weak, that it is not dangerous to force me to speak out? Why, barbarian, didst thou employ every seductive art to gain possession of a heart which thou now laceratest? My punishment, alas! is just. When women debase themselves so low, they deserve contempt. Thou hatest, thou despisest me. How couldst thou do otherwise? I hate, I despise myself."

Her senses became confused; she paced the room like one frantic, but was soon overpowered by the violence of her emotions. Alonzo fixed his scrutinizing eye upon her. Not a word escaped him. He left Leonora in her death-like stupor. Hours passed away, and the profound silence was interrupted only by the deep groans of anguish which at intervals burst from their agonized bosoms. Alonzo first spoke. "It is over!" he exclaimed; "the sighs of friendship are stifled! Yes, Leonora, yes, thine for ever!—What! shall Carlos be miserable?—Alas! my unfortunate friend! I see him involved in the shades of death! I hear his moans!—He pierces his own heart—he swims in his blood—he dies—dies in despair!—Leonora! kill me, cruel Leonora, but leave me my friend!"

At this dreadful moment Carlos stood before him. Alonzo's affection for Carlos knew no bounds. He rushed into his friend's arms with such vehemence, that the confusion of Leonora escaped the ob-

servation of the latter. Alonzo's embraces were sincere; in his friend he beheld the guardian of his virtue, and peace returned to his perturbed soul.

Carlos bathed him with tears—at the news of his own misfortunes had not wept; but the look, the embrace of Alonzo quite unmanned him. Carlos had no sooner reached the Spanish frontiers, than he was informed of the loss of all his immense treasures in America. From the richest gentleman of Castile he was now become the poorest: but scarcely regarding the privation of Fortune's favours, he trembled lest he should lose Leonora. He looked mournfully at her without daring to utter a word. Alvarez appeared, and Carlos inferred from his cold reception what he had to fear. Alonzo guessed the emotions that wrung the heart of Carlos; he hastened away, himself oppressed by the most painful sensations, and directed his steps towards his own habitation. Here he was soon joined by his friend, who disclosed to Alonzo the full extent of his misfortune. The latter endeavoured to comfort him. "What room can there now be for hope?" replied Carlos. "Thou knowest Alvarez; his daughter is lost for me; and the loss of her, my dear Alonzo, I cannot survive. I die, O my friend, and it is thee only that I pity!"

Alonzo represented to him, that the distinguished services which he had rendered the state certainly justified the expectation of the highest rewards; that the bounty of the king would soon supply him with a new fortune, and place him upon a level with the daughter of Alvarez. These arguments restored tranquillity to his soul, and when they parted Alonzo had more need of comfort than Carlos.

The sight of his friend completely roused his slumbering virtue. Full of a resolution worthy of himself, he went to the king and solicited the government of Castile for Carlos. His request was granted. He hastened to Alvarez, informed him of the favour conferred by the king, and offered to give up to his friend his immense possessions in Andalusia. Alvarez was astonished at the heroism of Alonzo, but yet he was acquainted with the human heart.

An experienced courtier, grown grey in intrigue, he believed all men to be vicious, and possessed the art of discovering the most secret foibles of them all. Alonzo's love for his daughter was no mystery to him, and this passion opened to his view the most brilliant prospects. He gave him full credit for his generosity, and that Alonzo might reap the benefit of it himself, he cut off his friend from all hopes of ever obtaining the hand of his daughter.

Alvarez abruptly broke off the former intercourse between Carlos and himself. In vain did Carlos remonstrate; the old man gave him only haughty and cutting answers, and concealed Alonzo's offer as little as his own decided refusal. The unhappy Carlos read his rejection in the air of Leonora. He flew to his friend, whom he found as dejected as himself. Alonzo pressed him to his bosom, and eyed him with looks which betray the anguish of his heart. He durst not speak. He was anxious that

Carlos should remain ignorant of his love for Leonora. He wished to unite them, to feast himself upon the happiness of his friend, and to overcome a criminal passion. He flattered himself, that he should be still able to win Alvarez, and thought it right to conceal from Carlos a secret which could only distress him. But all his persuasions had no effect upon Alvarez. In vain did his heart combat against the tears and the charms of Leonora. Alvarez remained inexorable, and, by the advice of Zanga, he propagated the report, that he intended to give his daughter to to Don Pedro, one of the most powerful grandees of Spain. This rumour soon reached the ears of Alonzo, and was confirmed by Zanga. Thus it appeared, that both Carlos and himself were likely to lose the object of their love. "It is no longer a sacrifice that you offer to friendship," said Zanga, "Leonora can never be your friend's. Acquaint him with your passion for her. Carlos loves you, and if he cannot become the husband of Leonora, he would surely have less objection to see her in the arms of his friend, than of any other person."

"How little do you know of the power of love!" cried Alonzo. "If jealousy should torment him, he will overlook the most sacred ties. Much as I love Carlos, I know but too well what misery I felt when I had resolved to give up Leonora to him. I now sympathize in his anguish."—"Alonzo," replied Zanga, "your mistaken notion originates in your virtues; but your friendship leads you blindfold to destruction. Only consider, that Alvarez, following the dictates of avarice and meanness, has blasted all the hopes of Carlos. He forwards his own views by giving his daughter to Don Pedro. To-morrow, yes, to-morrow you will lose her!"—"What, Zanga, do you really believe, that if I were to speak to Carlos, his excellent heart could give up Leonora to me? But what a cruel question to ask him!" —"I think, Alonzo, that you are much too ceremonious with a friend who is indebted to you for his life and liberty."—"This very reason deters me. Were I not his friend, I could speak out more freely."— "Well, then, Alonzo, I will break the matter to him for you. I shall be able to awaken anew that living friendship for you which sways the heart of the generous Carlos."

Zanga accordingly repaired to Carlos, informed him of Alonzo's love for Leonora, and also of the noble resolution he had taken for the purpose of securing to him the hand of Leonora. He assured him of the truth of the report, which Carlos had already heard, that she was to be sacrificed to Don Pedro, and thus both would lose her, unless he would do for Alonzo what his friend had done for him; nay, unless he himself solicited him to marry Leonora."

"What!" cried Carlos, "is it not enough for me to lose her? Is it not enough that I must die—but must I, while descending to the tomb, be afflicted with the keenest torments into the bargain? Can Alonzo ask me to conduct him into Leonora's arms? O Leonora! never! never!"

This conflict between love and friendship overcame the soul of the

unfortunate Carlos. He was either to resign his idol for ever, or to rob his friend of Leonora—that friend whose example had taught him the full extent of the influence of friendship over a great and generous spirit. But to pronounce sentence of death upon himself, was an effort of which he believed himself incapable. He parted from Zanga without assenting to any part of his proposal.

It is only in the solemn moments of solitude and meditation that the mind can resolve upon those painful sacrifices to which at other times intreaties, force, arguments, and even woman's tears, are incapable of moving us.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLVII.

Illud maxime rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, spatium deliberandi habuerunt quam potissimum vitæ cursum sequi vellent.——TULL. *Offic.*

THERE are very few persons of extraordinary genius, or eminent for learning and other noble endowments, who have had sufficient time to consider what particular course of life they ought to pursue.

It has been my general object to enliven the subjects which I have treated, by illustrations which tended to exhilarate the reflections of my readers by the more lively sallies of ridicule, or the smartness of sarcasm, when it has been my object to consider any individual chapter in the large volume of human folly. In this part of my monthly duty, I have been indebted to several lively correspondents, whose knowledge of the world and skilful manner of pourtraying its manners, have, I am ready to acknowledge, greatly heightened the estimation in which, as I have reason to believe, these papers are held; and I trust, that an occasional adoption of philosophical discussion and classical allegory, will not diminish the favourable attention of my readers. The paper which I now present to their perusal is of this cast, and, indeed, it has lain so long by me, that it becomes me to offer some apology to the writer of it, for the delay which it will not appear to have deserved.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Common sense, which is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
POPE.

Sir,

A rainy evening, a winter's evening, or a solitary evening, which latter, being an old bachelor, is no uncommon thing with me, frequently induces me to have recourse to my writing-table, where I indulge myself in consigning such thoughts to paper as my experience of life, and any casual circumstance of the moment, may suggest. One of these accidental lucubrations I now present to you; and if I perceive, by your publication of it, that it is favoured by your approval, I may be encouraged to renew my correspondence with you. They are important topics which I have chosen, and presented, I hope, in such a manner

that the mind may clearly comprehend and easily retain them; which is not always the case with the writings of our modern essayists, who are apt, though, by the bye, it is no proof of their understanding or their knowledge, as they may think, to spin out their thoughts to a length that defies, or at least perplexes common memory, and clothe them with an affectation of what they think fine words, that puzzles common readers. My conciseness will not suit their vicious taste, or, in other words, their ignorance, though I have no doubt of its being approved by you. But to proceed.

The word *Reason* is employed by philosophers in different senses. It is used to signify that quality of human nature which distinguishes man from the inferior animals. Man is called a *reasonable* being; and the brutes are said to be *irrational.* Reason, in this sense, seems to be a general name for all the intellectual powers, as distinguished from the sensitive part of our constitution. Every thing that is called truth is said to be perceived by reason: but truths are of different kinds; and therefore the energies of understanding to which they are referred, ought to be called by different names. The power of invention is sometimes ascribed to reason. Locke tells us, that it is reason which discovers and arranges the several intermediate proofs in an argument, an office which is commonly referred, not to reason, but to imagination. Reason is used by those who are most accurate, to signify that power of the mind by which we draw inferences. It is that faculty which enables us, from relations or ideas that are known, to investigate such as are unknown; and without which we never could proceed in the discovery of truth beyond its first principles.

The term *Common Sense* has also several different significations.—Sometimes it seems synonimous with prudence. Thus a man is said to have a large stock of common sense, who is quick in perceiving remote consequences, and thence determines at once concerning the propriety of present conduct.—Common sense, in certain instances, seems to be confounded with some of the powers of taste. We often meet with persons of great sagacity in the ordinary affairs of life, who, without any bad intention, commit the most egregious blunders in regard to decorum; and this we are inclined to impute to a defect in common sense: but it seems rather to be owing to a defect in sensibility, or sympathy, which is, indeed, the foundation of good breeding. Some men are distinguished by an uncommon acuteness in discovering the character of others. This talent is sometimes, though improperly, called common sense. It is far from being common; for it is to be found in men who are not remarkable for any other mental excellence; and we often see those who, in other respects, possess a sound judgment, altogether destitute of it. The term common sense has, in modern times, been used to signify that power of the mind which perceives truth or commands belief, not by progressive argumentation, but by an instantaneous impulse, derived neither from education nor habit, but from

nature acting independently on our will, and therefore not improperly called *sense;* and acting in a similar manner upon all mankind, it is called *common sense*, which, nevertheless, cannot be called the perfection of *reason;* neither can the faculty of *reason* be resolved into *common sense*. The latter is, after all, the ultimate judge of truth, to which reason must continually act in subordination.

I feel that I shall be expected to enliven this subject, which is necessarily a dry one to those readers who look into a book for amusement rather than instruction; and I shall therefore present them with that fine allegory, which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the Description of Virtue and Pleasure making their court to the *Reason* and *Common Sense* of Hercules, under the appearance of two beautiful women. I could have given it in verse, and I need not add, in fine verse, when it is that of the late Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, the ornament of his age and nation; but as I had a translation in prose at hand, I thought it would be better suited to the character of this essay.

"When Hercules," says the great philosopher, " was in that season of his life when it was natural for him to consider what course he should pursue, he one day retired into a solitary place to indulge his meditations on this important subject. Nor had he been long there, when he saw two women approaching him, of a larger stature than belongs to the human race. The one was noble in her air, and her carriage, at the same time, was easy, but by no means calculated to court particular attention. Her person was cleanliness itself, arrayed in all the simplicity of nature, and the robe she wore was white as the driven snow. The other, when seen at a distance, appeared to have the rosy blush of health on her cheek, but, on a nearer approach, her face appeared to owe its attractions to cosmetic powers. Her actions were all studied, and the graces she employed were calculated to excite passion, by a certain wanton air that accompanied them. Her looks were full of confidence, and her dress composed of all the various colours which were best suited to catch the eye and set off her figure. She glanced at times, with great apparent complacency, on the different parts of her person, and even her shadow in the sun did not escape her attention. As she approached the youth, she nimbly stepped before her more dignified companion, and thus addressed him:—

'My dearest Hercules, you appear to be meditating on the way of life on which your future happiness depends, and have not been able to make a choice. Come with me, and I will lead you through those paths which shall be strewed with the rose-buds of delight. I will remove you from the business and perplexities of life; neither the bustle of war, nor the civil duties of peace, shall ever interrupt us. To make your days pass in ease, and to gratify your senses with every delight, the luxurious feast, the charms of music, the perfumed chambers, and yielding

beauty, will all be your's. Hasten, then, with me to the bowers I have prepared, and leave the anxious cares and busy concerns of life to others.'

"Hercules, who was affected by her discourse, requested to know the name of one who made him such alluring offers. She answered, 'Those who are intimately acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but those who hate and envy me, call me Pleasure.'

"The other female now approached, and thus addressed the future hero:—" Hercules, you are descended from the gods, and prove, I charge you, that descent, by preparing yourself for a life of virtue. But before I conduct you into the paths of it, I feel it my duty to inform you, that nothing which is truly honourable to man in the career assigned him, can be obtained without pain and labour. Heaven will give you no great good, but as a reward for meritorious deeds. Such is the price which the gods have set upon the happiness they have allotted to man. They require the offerings of piety at their altars; the friendship of good men is to be obtained by reciprocal kindness. The favour of your country is to be acquired by the services you perform for it. The active scenes of life in which honour is to be acquired, demand high and great qualifications. Such are the conditions, and such alone, on which I can offer happiness.' Pleasure now eagerly interrupted the discourse.—'You must perceive,' said she, 'that, according to her account of the matter, labour and toil can alone give you the happiness which she now offers, while every delight waits upon that which you will receive from me.' —'Hear, Hercules,' interposed the other, with an indignant scorn, 'O hear, what are her pleasures:—To eat when you are not hungry, to drink when you are not thirsty, to sleep when you are not fatigued, to gratify appetites when they do not solicit gratification, and awaken those which nature never designed. Her worshippers pass their youth in fallacious enjoyments, and furnish their latter years with pain, disappointment, and repentance. Know, Hercules, that I adore the gods, from whom you derive your origin; that I honour the good, of whose number I trust you will be a shining example. I encourage the arts, preside over the household deities, and make one in the noble associations of real friends. My banquets are never formed of costly luxuries, but they are always delicious; for none come to them but with the appetites of nature. Their sleep is sound, and their waking moments cheered with renovated strength. My youthful votaries are praised by the old, who are honoured by those who are young. In short, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their friends, honoured by their country, and, after their death, venerated by posterity.'

"Hercules made his choice, and his life proved that it was the best. For we read, after a career of the brightest honour, his virtues placed him in Olympus, where he was received, and took his place among the Gods, a GOD."

I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient, humble servant,

R. C——s.

SAGACITY OF THE CANINE SPECIES.

Among my literary performances, says a living French writer, M. Dupont de Nemours, next to the *Table raisonnée des Principes de l'Economie politique,* I have a peculiar partiality for my *Philosophie de l'Univers.* I wrote the first sketches for it during a period of horror, for the amusement of an excellent friend, a man not less celebrated than unfortunate, to whom natural philosophy owes important discoveries, and modern chemistry its existence—to the meritorious and truly noble Lavoisier.

In that work, which I shall never cease to correct and improve while I am capable of observing, reading, and writing, I have said a good deal concerning the dog, his sagacity and his manners. Subjoined are a few anecdotes, out of a thousand which I could relate in proof of what I have there advanced. There are few of my readers who could not easily add others of the same kind.

SULTAN.

The old pedestrians who frequent the Luxembourg, will recollect a sturdy *Quidnunc,* who was called the Abbé *Trente-mille-hommes,* whose real name neither I nor many others ever knew, and who received that nickname on account of the extraordinary firmness with which he adjusted the rights and interests of all the crowned heads in Europe by means of 30,000 men, whom he caused to be levied at pleasure in this or that state, to cross rivers and mountains, to take cities, and win battles. As a pupil of the great Turenne, he was not fond of numerous armies ; he never desired more than 30,000 men.

With this military turn, it is no wonder that the Abbé *Trente-mille-hommes* should have been fond of being abroad. Early in the morning he was in the garden, breakfasted at the *Caffè de la Grande Porte,* dined at the keepers' lodge at *La Porte des Carmes,* drank in the evening a bottle of beer, and ate, in company with his dog, six biscuits at the *Porte de l'Enfer;* and never quitted the garden till he had been twice warned by the keeper that it was time. If it rained, he took up his abode with one of the three keepers, where he read the newspaper over and over again, and made profound comments on the articles they contained, which, when he had no other auditors, he would address to his faithful dog.

The abbé died. His dog, named Sultan, of middling size, of a reddish grey colour, and of the wolf breed, would not follow any other master, though several friends of the abbé would have taken care of him. The garden, which had long been his haunt, continued so still ; in fine weather he took up his night's lodging upon the benches, and in foul weather underneath them. To the troop of politicians he manifested the same attachment as before ; he followed them in their deliberate walks, he stopped at their accustomed stations, attentively surveyed the figures which they made in the sand, and was treated by those who took coffee

with a mouthful of bread and butter, by the beer-drinker with a biscuit, which he would catch when thrown to him with admirable dexterity, and with a few fragments by other guests.

At the same time, Sultan was not so inseparable from the Luxembourg as to refuse invitations to dinner, which he often received, after it was found that such civility gave him pleasure. The usual form of the invitation was—"Sultan, will you come and dine with me?" Some indeed couched it in politer terms, and said, "Sultan, will you do me the honour to dine with me?" If he was not pre-engaged, he would return the invitation with the most flattering caresses; in the contrary case, he made a slight inclination, and immediately placed himself by the side of the person by whom he was already asked. He followed him step by step, bounded joyfully out of the garden, ate his meal with great appetite, performed a thousand antics, and made himself an agreeable companion. After the cloth was removed, he waited a short time very contentedly, and then politely requested to be let out: if his host delayed to open the door, he first began to sigh, and at length grew angry. Many attempts were made to detain him, but he always escaped, and would never afterwards go near those who, under the mask of kindness, endeavoured to enslave him.

A person who very likely might have been fond of Sultan, but who had not sufficient delicacy to be aware, that a generous mind is not to be won by compulsion, once ventured to tie him. Sultan became furious, gnawed the cord to pieces, bit the person who had thus confined him, and ran off as fast as he could. Never did he afterwards meet this faithless friend but he reproached him with violent barking for his treachery, and turned away from him with contempt.

THE TURNSPIT.

About 45 years since, two dogs performed the office of turnspit in the *Collège du Plessis.* Both were perfect masters of their business. They never let a joint of meat scorch; they knew from the smell when it was done, and gave notice of this to the cook by barking.

Their work was no hardship to them; they took their turns at it; but with some difference, as the number of days is unequal, but that of the fast-days equal. The cook's favourite was on duty every Monday and Wednesday; whereas his comrade's days were Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Friday and Saturday were holidays for both.

When once accustomed to this arrangement, they adhered to it with the utmost regularity. Men themselves submit cheerfully and as a matter of course to existing laws, so long as no violation of them is allowed by the higher powers.

One Wednesday the dog whose turn it was not being at hand, the cook would have employed the other, which had been at work the preceding day, in his stead. The latter, indignant at the injustice of this proceeding, snarled, ran away and crept into a corner. The cook followed. The dog growled more furiously and shewed his teeth. The cook fetched a stick,

on which the animal sprung up, ran out of the house, and posted away to the *Place Cambrai*, where he found his comrade at play with other companions of that quarter. He flew at him, pushed him away, drove him before him all the way home, brought him to the feet of the cook, and then looked calmly at him, as though he would have said—"Here is your dog—it is his turn, and not mine."

THE LAME DOG.

M. Pibrac, an eminent surgeon, who was alive shortly before the Revolution, one evening found near his house a very fine dog which had broken his foot, and was howling most piteously. M. Pibrac sent a servant to bring him to his house, where he set the injured foot, bound it up, and took care of the animal till he was cured. During and after the cure, the dog expressed the utmost gratitude; and his benefactor conceived that he had secured his affection for ever. But the dog had another master, and with this species old attachments are so predominant, that, in general, they cease only with life. As soon as the patient was able to run, he set off and did not return. M. Pibrac almost repented of his kindness. "Who would have thought," said he, "that a dog could be ungrateful?"

Five or six months had elapsed, when the dog once more appeared at his door, and caressed M. Pibrac in the fondest manner. He was glad to see the runaway again, and would have taken him into the house. Instead of following him, the dog pulled him by the coat, licked his hands, and looked on one side, as if desirous to shew him something. It turned out to be a bitch of his acquaintance, who had met with a similiar accident to that which had befallen himself, and whom he had brought to his benefactor, that the latter might do as much for her as he had done for him.

THE SHOE-BLACK'S DOG.

A shoe-black, who used to take his station before the entrance of the *Hotel de Nivernois*, had a great black poodle, which possessed the extraordinary talent of procuring custom for his master. This animal would dip his large woolly paw in the kennel, and tread with it upon the shoe of the first person that passed by. The shoe-black lost no time in offering his stool, with the invitation—"Please to have your shoes cleaned, sir?"

As long as he was engaged the dog sat quietly by his side. It would then have been useless to bedaub the shoes of another passenger; but no sooner was the stool unoccupied than he played the same trick as before. This sagacious dog and his master, who was always ready to oblige the servants at the hotel, became advantageously known in the court-yard and kitchen, whence their fame spread from mouth to mouth, till at length it reached the drawing-room.

A wealthy Englishman who happened to be there was desirous of seeing the dog and his master. They were called. He liked the dog so well that he wished to buy him, and offered first ten and afterwards fifteen louis d'ors. The shoe-black was dazzled by the fifteen louis d'ors, and likewise

somewhat fluttered by the distinguished company into which he was ushered. The dog was sold and delivered; the following day he was conveyed in a post-chaise to Dover, where he embarked with his new master, and arrived safe in London.

The shoe-black meanwhile bewailed the loss of his four-footed companion, and bitterly repented what he had done. How immoderate then was his joy, when, on the fourteenth day, the dog came running to his old station, with dirtier paws than ever, and began with his wonted skill to bring custom to his master.

He had taken notice of the road from Paris to Calais; he had observed, that the chaise was here exchanged for the packet, and that a third carriage proceeded from Dover to London. Most of these coaches performed the same journey back again. The dog had returned from his new master to the coach-office, whence he followed perhaps the same vehicle which had carried him to London, and was now going in the contrary direction to Dover. The packet conveyed him over again to Calais, and from that town he followed the diligence back to Paris.

Sultan I knew myself. He often did me the honour to dine with me, as I never laid the least restraint upon his liberty. He staid longer with me than with any other person, because he knew that the door would be opened for him at the first intimation.

A fellow pupil of the *Collège du Plessis* reminded me of the turnspits.

Several of my colleagues in the Institute, who knew M. Pibrac, have assured me of the truth of the story respecting him.

I was myself an eye-witness of what passed before the door and in the hotel of the excellent Duke de Nivernois. The circumstances are recollected by all the inhabitants of the *Rue de Tournon*.

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO NICE.

As soon as the traveller has passed the barriers of Paris, he sees on the left the road to Choisy, and farther on to the right that which leads to Orleans. At the first stage, Ville-juif, where the reflection of the capital ceases, there is an excellent station near the terrace of the *chateau* for a general view of the whole extent of Paris. Individual objects may be easily distinguished, as the road has an elevation, which is considered equal to that of the tops of the towers of Notre Dame.

An alley, three leagues in length, to which the eye can discover no end, leads from Ville-juif to Fromenteau, the second stage. Here too the traveller enjoys a magnificent view of the rich and highly cultivated plain watered by the Seine. At Juvisy we admired a genuine Roman work: it is part of the road that leads across the little river Orge. Two hills are here connected by two bridges, one of which is above the other; the lower, of seven arches, serves to secure the foundation; and the other, of one

single arch, serves for the high-road. We thus reached Essone, which has several manufactories, among which the royal powder-mills and Didot's paper-mill are worthy of notice. The former is situated on the left, and the latter on the right of the road to Fontainebleau. The finest kind of powder, called King's powder, is not now made, on account of the frequent accidents occasioned by the grinding of the mass once more between two prodigious mill-stones, previous to the process of corning. This machine is used at present only for grinding sulphur. Didot's paper-mill is in equally high and deserved repute, and the proprietor is incessantly making improvements in his art.

Between Essone and Fontainebleau there are two stages, namely, Ponthiery and Chailly. On the left is seen the *chateau* of St. Assise, whose park extends to the Seine; and on the right that of Villeroi, in the vicinity of which is found good porcelain clay. Between Villeroi and Essone lies the little mansion of Villoison, the birth-place of the celebrated Greek scholar, D'Ansse de Villoison. Fontainebleau is a striking object, but the finest thing about it is the noble and extensive forest, which is said to contain 34,000 acres. The whole is highly diversified. Here are black masses of rock, covered with moss and creeping plants; there prodigious blocks of sand-stone piled in chaotic confusion one upon another: in some parts it resembles a naked common, in others it is clothed with the finest wood; here all is dreary and desert, there replete with life and luxuriant vegetation. We proceeded for about a league through this magnificent forest, and having passed through Moret, Fossart, and Pont-sur-Yonne, at length arrived at Sens.

Here we were particularly interested by the water-clock manufactory of a M. Hunot, and the English lime-works of M. Cherchedieu. These water-clocks are nothing but round tin boxes which run between two staves, upon which the hours are marked. In the interior of each box are seven divisions, each of which has a small hole at the bottom. The water is poured into the uppermost, and thus gradually drops into the lowest. The box naturally sinks lower and lower, and its situation indicates the hour. This kind of clocks is said to have been invented several centuries ago at Sens, and they are still made in considerable quantity. Most of them go to Russia, Spain, and America. They cost, according to their size, from three to six livres. The secret consists in the quantity of water to be used for each clock. M. Cherchedieu, with great politeness, made us acquainted with the whole of the process for making lime, and it is astonishing how many operations the stone goes through before it is converted into pure, dry lime. The residuum, when completely exhausted, affords a strong manure, which is successfully employed, especially in the cultivation of hemp. It is also an excellent preservative against the *crioceris vitis*, Lin. the larvæ of which do so much injury to the vines.

The environs of Sens are extremely pleasant, particularly on that side towards Motte de Clar,

which is a hill with the ruins of an ancient fortress. Here are seen a great number of kitchen-gardens, called *courtils*, surrounded with alders, and watered by innumerable small canals. They produce such a quantity of vegetables that a considerable traffic is carried on with them. All the vegetables grown here are remarkable for their size, and especially the garlic. The wine of Sens was considered in the time of Henry IV. as one of the best sorts in France, but is far inferior to the other kinds of Burgundy.

Leaving Sens, we passed through several small places to Joigny. The road was not always good, but the country was every where exceedingly agreeable. Excepting a pretty promenade on the Yonne, Joigny contains nothing remarkable. We came next to Auxerre, in a charming situation. Here we tasted the excellent kind of wine called Migrenne; it grows no where but on the hills formerly belonging to the bishop, from which circumstance alone its quality may be inferred. The next day's journey brought us to Avalon, whilst the Yonne, with its charming scenery, accompanied us all the way on one side. At Avalon itself we found handsome promenades, and a considerable bustle. The trade in corn, wood, and wine, for which it is a staple town, is very lucrative. Not far from the place is an agreeable valley, through which flows the Cousin. It resembles, on a small scale, a romantic landscape of Switzerland.

As we had determined to go through Dijon to Lyons, we pursued our route from Avalon to Senur. Here was little worthy of notice. Senur stands on a steep rock of granite, and does not make the best appearance. So much the more interesting to us was Montbard, the family estate and residence of the celebrated Buffon. We first went to the mansion, which is situated in the principal street, and, in fact, looks like an ordinary house. A respectable old man, named La Pierre, is the keeper of it. We walked into the garden, which was formed on the ruins of the ancient building, the walls of which serve for terraces. We counted thirteen of these terraces, all very picturesquely planted with trees. At the top of all is an old octagonal tower, elevated about 140 feet above the town. Here it was that Buffon made his well-known observations on the winds.

The good La Pierre, who was Buffon's gardener 43 years, showed us all the favourite resorts of his renowned master, and among the rest his study, a small square room situated on the edge of one of the terraces, and commanding a very extensive and charming prospect. Here Buffon worked during the greatest part of the year from day-break till two o'clock in the afternoon, and always by candle-light. An old arm-chair, two other old chairs, a black wooden table, and a common walnut-tree writing-desk, were the whole furniture of his study. Against the walls were suspended some drawings of animals, and a portrait of Newton, opposite to which Buffon always sat. It was now completely naked, the furniture and other articles having fallen a prey to the Jacobins, some of

whom were to be found even at Montbard. Buffon had a second study, in another pavilion, called the *Tour de St. Louis;* but this he used only in the hottest months, as it was too cold for him during the rest of the year. It is a lofty, vaulted apartment, resembling a chapel, the walls of which are painted green. After inspecting the church and other objects worthy of notice, we returned late to our inn *à l'Ecu de France.* The landlord, whose name is Gautier, was formerly Buffon's cook. His wife, a very agreeable woman, had lived from her youth in Buffon's family, and communicated to us many interesting particulars relative to that great writer. The next morning we pursued our journey to Dijon.

For the two first stages the road goes continually up and down hill. Vineyards are rare; the fields are thickly strewed with flints, with here and there vast projecting masses of rock. Near Evergeveaux, between the villages of Chanceaux and St. Soigne, is the source of the Seine. We crossed it near Chanceaux by means of a small stone bridge, beneath which it runs an insignificant brook. Farther on we passed through Val de Suzon, a small village delightfully situated. In the neighbouring rivulets are caught excellent trout, which are in great request in the environs. Next succeeded a picturesque, mountainous region, covered with noble oaks and firs. At length we passed Talant, once the residence of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, and arrived at Dijon.

Dijon is one of the finest towns of France of the second order. The alleys on the ramparts, the *Cours*, the *Arquebuse*, and the Park, present very agreeable walks. The *Arquebuse* is a pretty English garden, which belongs to the former citadel. It contains many fine shrubs and flowers. The Park, a short half league from the city, though it consists only of regular alleys, is nevertheless much frequented. It was purchased, during the Revolution, by the city, and made a public promenade. The purity of the air, and the beautiful prospect of the adjacent country, render this park a truly pleasing place of resort.

About half a league beyond Dijon we discovered on our right, to the south-west, the Cote d'Or, that truly golden range of vine-hills, and proceeded along it to Beaune. Every point yields wine of more or less celebrity. You first perceive the hills of Chenoue and Marcenay, which are not to be despised; then those of Chambertin, the produce of which is in particular request among the English; farther on those of Brochon, where grows an excellent, ordinary table-wine; lastly, those of Marcy and Chamballe, which are likewise in repute. But the hill celebrated by the name of Clos de Vougeot is most deserving of notice. Its superficial extent is about 400 acres, and it belongs at present to the Parisian bankers Tourton and Ravel. These gentlemen pay great attention to the improvement of its produce; they have constantly a stock of 500,000 bottles in their cellars, and dispose annually of considerable quantities. The *Clos de Vougeot* is sold only in bottles, at a crown per bottle, and will not keep longer

than twelve years at farthest. A sort nearly equal in quality, though not so celebrated, is that of Vosnes, situated at a very short distance. —The *Vin des Nuits* fully deserves its high reputation. It grows on the Cote Nuit-Tonne, that is, the hill at the foot of which stands the little town of Nuits. Here every thing bespeaks industry, ease, and comfort. The most opulent and celebrated wine-merchant is M. Maret, of whom all the different sorts produced on the Cote d'Or may be obtained. That tract, strictly speaking, ceases at Nuits and Vosnes; but the produce of the other hills down to Beaune, for instance, Romané, St. George, &c. is in high repute.

Beaune is most advantageously situated for trade, and its exterior, upon the whole, announces wealth. Provision has been made for the amusement of the inhabitants by many beautiful promenades, a handsome Vauxhall, and a spacious ball-room. The good people of Beaune, however, are by no means famous for intelligence. Their neighbours, and especially their hereditary enemies, the inhabitants of Dijon, go so far as to accuse them of innate stupidity. The very air of Beaune, say they, produces this effect, and they support the assertion by a long series of traits, the one more ludicrous than the other. I know not what to think of the matter; but so much is certain, that nothing very bright is to be observed in the inhabitants. Beaune has, nevertheless, produced some eminent geniuses, and among others Monge, the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher.

The following day we passed the famous vine-hills of Pomard, Volney, and Menesault: the latter produce an excellent white wine, which may be mixed without danger with any of the red sorts. We then proceeded through Nolay to Autun, which stands on the declivity of a steep hill, and is inclosed on the east and south by high mountains. From this place we made an excursion to the great glass and iron-works of le Creusot, about seven leagues distant. As we had letters of recommendation to the director, M. Chapet, he showed us them himself. The sand is brought hither from Fontainebleau, and costs upon an average two sous per pound. The minium comes from Paris, to the annual amount of 100,000 pounds; a great quantity of it is used for flint glass. The potash is imported from America, as it comes cheaper than that of Lorraine. The oven is of a conical form, and built of large bricks made out of smaller ones pulverized. Each oven is provided with several apertures, for the purpose of introducing the melting-pots, and each of the latter contains about 700 pounds. The daily labour of the workmen is performed in two tasks, of four hours and a half each, with an hour's rest between. The best hands are paid 200 francs per month, inferior ones about 150; but no master receives less than 100, and no blower more than 80 francs. Boys have 12, 15, or 20 francs, according to their usefulness. This establishment produces very tasteful works, and has a warehouse at Paris.

The iron-works are under the direction of M. Rouillac, to whom

they are indebted for several excellent machines, by which the labour is much facilitated, and among the rest, the great cylindrical bellows, which act with incredible power upon the furnaces. The iron ore comes partly from Couches, in the vicinity of the works, and partly from Autre, in *ci-devant* Franche Comté. Here are founded, among other things, a great number of cannon for ships, for which the government pays at the rate of six sous per lb. These cannon are conveyed with great ease along an iron rail-road to the boring-house. There are five great furnaces, and almost all the machines are wrought by steam-engines. The workmen live partly in long buildings resembling barracks; partly in detached houses, which are surrounded by small gardens, and are in some instances their own property. There is no church or chapel on the spot, so that the inhabitants are obliged to go to the neighbouring village of Mont-cenis. As they naturally pay a visit also to the public-house there, Creusot loses through this circumstance not a little of its circulating medium.

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGES OF MINORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

Sir,

IN your last Number, I observe, in the Cogitations of Scriblerus, a cutting letter from a poor lady, stating a most unfortunate and cruel case of deceptive matrimony. Your readers, like me, will have fully appreciated and pitied her situation. Like her, I am the wife of an infamous husband; and what induces me to address you, is one passage in her letter to this effect:—"They say, the bans thrice put up, the solemnization in every particular, will avail me nothing;. my husband, being a minor, is as yet no husband to me." Now, sir, this was precisely my case: the bans were publicly put up, every regular solemnization took place; but, after my husband's cruelty, and infamous behaviour of every description, had driven me from his arms, I was told, and am still told, that his being a minor will avail me nothing, as the bans were regularly put up. If what the unfortunate Elizabeth states be the fact, in the broad meaning of the assertion, surely I could as well take advantage of my husband's minority, as in her case the husband or his friends could. Surely a man ought not to be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong-doings, to leave an innocent and injured woman; when, if that woman wished to do so, from his cruelties or other bad behaviour, she should be shut out from the same remedy. I would, therefore, beg to add my most earnest request to that of Scriblerus, that some of the legal readers of your excellent work would point out how there can be this distinction in two cases so apparently alike, in some respects, as mine and Elizabeth's. I would ask of them, too, whether the consent

of the parents of the minor being had previous to the marriage, makes any difference as to the law of the case?

I am, sir, your unhappy, but constant reader,

MARY F——R.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1815.

PLATE 6.—ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS.

THE parish of St. Martin's, which still retains the addition given to it some centuries ago, when its church was literally separated by the fields from the metropolis, was formerly of very great extent, reaching from Drury-lane to Hyde Park, and embracing, besides its present precincts, the various parishes of St. George, St James, St. Anne, and St. Paul. There was a church on this spot at a very early period; for it appears that, in 1222, there was a dispute between the Abbot of Westminster and the Bishop of London, concerning the exemption of the church from the jurisdiction of the latter. It is not improbable, that it might then have been a chapel for the use of the monks, when they visited their garden, now corruptly called Covent Garden, which reached to the church. The precise time of the foundation of the present parish is buried in obscurity; but the living was undoubtedly a vicarage previously to 1363, and in the patronage of the abbot and convent, from whom Queen Mary conveyed it, in 1553, to the Bishop of London and his successors.—During the reign of Henry VIII. the parish was so poor, that the king built them, at his own expence, a small church, which lasted till 1607, when the inhabitants having become more numerous, it was greatly enlarged. At length, after many expensive repairs, it became so ruinous, that it was wholly taken down in 1721, and in five years the present stately fabric was erected, under the superintendence of Mr. J. Gibbs. Dr. Willis, Bishop of Salisbury, laid the first stone, by order of George I. who some time afterwards gave 1500*l.* to purchase an organ. The whole expence of the building and decorations amounted to upwards of 36,000*l.* of which 33,000*l.* was granted by parliament, and the rest raised by royal benefactions, subscriptions, and the sale of seats.

The new church was consecrated in 1726, on which occasion the Lords of the Admiralty presented the parish with a grand standard of England, 30 feet long and 14 broad, to be displayed on the steeple during public rejoicings; but it was blown to rags on the very first day it was hoisted, August 1, being the anniversary of the king's accession. Between this period and 1737, the timbers which support the pediment of the portico shrunk so much, that the stucco cracked, and the whole seemed to threaten an immediate fall. In this unpleasant state it remained, till James King, a carpenter, undertook to restore the ceiling by machinery within the angle of the pediment, and effectually accomplished his purpose.

St. Martin's is an elegant struc-

ture of stone. In the west front is an ascent by a long flight of steps to a noble portico of Corinthian columns, supporting a pediment, in which are the royal arms, and a short Latin inscription, recording the date of the erection and the name of the architect. The same order is continued round in pilasters, and in the intercolumniations are two series of windows surrounded with rustic. The roof is concealed by a handsome balustrade; the steeple is stately and elegant, and in the tower is an excellent peal of twelve bells. Soon after the completion of this steeple, an adventurous Italian, named Violante, descended from the arches on a rope, stretched thence across St. Martin's-lane, to the King's Mews. The princesses and many persons of distinction were present at the exhibition.

"With respect to this noble edifice," says Mr. Ralph, "I could wish that a view was opened from the Mews to St. Martin's church; I do not know any of the modern buildings about town which better deserves such an advantage.—The portico is at once elegant and august; and if the steps rising from the street to the front could have been made regular, and on a line from end to end, it would have given it a very considerable grace: but as the situation of the ground would not allow it, this is to be esteemed a misfortune, rather than a fault. The round columns at each angle of the church are well contrived, and have a very fine effect in the profile of the building; the east end is remarkably elegant, and very justly claims particular applause. In short, if there is any thing wanting in this fabric, it is a little more elevation; which, I presume, is apparently wanting within, and would create an additional beauty without. I cannot help thinking, too, that, in compliance to the galleries, the architect has reversed the order for the windows, it being always usual to have the large ones near the eye, and the small, by way of attic, on the top."

Gwynn says, that "the church of St. Martin is esteemed one of the best in the city; though, from being so fine as it is usually represented to be, the absurd rustification of the windows, and the heavy sills and trusses under them, are unpardonable blemishes, and very improperly introduced into this composition of the Corinthian order, as it takes away the delicacy which should be preserved in this kind of building. The steeple itself is good, but is so contrived that it seems to stand upon the roof of the church, there being no appearance of its continuation from the foundation, and consequently it seems to want support; an error of which Gibbs is not alone guilty, but which is very elegantly and judiciously avoided in the turrets in the front of St. Paul's: indeed the spire of the steeple of St. Martin's church being formed by internal sweeps, makes the angle too acute, which always produces an ill effect. Upon the whole, St. Martin's church is composed in a grand style of one order; the portico is truly noble, and wants nothing but the advantage of being seen."

"We have in the exterior of this church," says Mr. Malton, "an

excellent example of Roman architecture, in its highest state of improvement; without the tawdry and meretricious ornaments with which the Romans frequently disfigured their sacred edifices. It is also the most successful attempt to unite the light and picturesque beauty of the modern steeple, to the sober grandeur and square solidity of the Grecian temple. The insulated columns in the recesses at each extremity of the flanks of this church, are striking and noble; and once had the merit of novelty, though it is now, by frequent imitation, become less remarkable."

To these commendations we shall subjoin the opinion of Malcolm, who observes, that the exterior is "extremely superb," and that it is "without doubt the most perfect Grecian church in England, except St. Paul's. Vast vaults extend from the portico to the east end of the structure, which are light and dry, and contain great numbers of bodies, deposited within separate apartments, and on the floor of the open space. The flight of steps to the magnificent Corinthian portico, the pillars which compose it, the entablature and pediment, are in excellent proportion, and would have a grand effect, if the execrable warehouse and sheds before it were removed, and an area thus opened from St. Martin's - lane to the King's Mews; whence only the steeple, the pediment, and part of the pillars can be seen without distortion of the spine. The sides composed of a double range of windows, between Corinthian pilasters, with an entablature and balustrade, are infinitely improved by the introduction of isolated columns near the angles; but these are lost in courts, where houses approach them almost to contact. The steeple equals the best specimen of skill in that species of structure left by Sir Christopher Wren, and has the merit of originality, in not resembling one of the steeples erected by that great architect."

The want of a point of view from which this edifice may be conveniently inspected, so justly complained of by the writers above cited, is likely to be soon remedied; as it has been publicly announced, that the opening of a wide street in continuation of Pall-Mall, to terminate at the west front of this church, is one of the improvements lately projected in this part of the metropolis.

The interior contains eight Composite pillars, and four pilasters and entablatures, which support beautiful ceilings over the side ailes. The enriched bands spring from brackets and cherubim, between which are slight domes marked with plain circles. The vault of the nave is too elaborately ornamented for description: the decorations, however, are grand, not too much crowded, yet sufficiently profuse to satisfy the man of taste. The sacrarium commences with a semicircle, and terminates in a Composite recess; but the arch to this is too much depressed. A glory covers the ceiling. There are windows in the side walls, and over the altar a Venetian window is filled with painted glass, disposed in antique ornaments, which are elegant, with-

out glare. On each side are seats with glazed windows, for the royal family and their household whenever they come to church, especially to qualify themselves to hold certain offices.

The vestry-room, detached from the south-east corner of the church, contains a fine model of this structure, admirably executed. In a recess is a half-length of George I. and over the door, a bust of Richard Miller, Esq. who gave 500*l.* to the charity schools; 300*l.* to the library and free-school; and 300*l.* towards building the vestry-house. In a south window is a pretty painting of St. Martin, dividing his mantle with a beggar. The walls are adorned with half-lengths of the vicars, from the year 1670, almost all of whom attained high distinction in the church. In the waiting-room are portraits of the architect Mr. Gibbs, and the unfortunate Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.

Mr. Malcolm records the following singular event which occurred in this church. On the 10th of September, 1729, during evening prayers, a gentleman abruptly entered and fired two pistols at the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who was repeating the service: one of the bullets grazed the surplice, but the other entered the body of Mr. Williams, farrier, of Bedfordbury, who was sitting in a pew near the minister. The congregation fled in alarm from the church, but a sturdy carman resolutely proceeded to secure the offender, which he could not effect without a severe encounter and much bruising him, particularly on the head. On his examination, it was found that this man, named Roger Campagnol, was the son of the governor of Brest in France; that having been cheated by his landlord, a Hugonot, resident near the Seven Dials, of 138*l.* his mind became deranged, so that he had not sufficient discrimination to distinguish the victim of his revenge. After his commitment to Newgate, he endeavoured to hang himself with his garters in the chapel; but being prevented, he fastened himself into his cell, and when the door was forced open, he was found eating part of a bottle pounded into fragments with bread. Of the subsequent fate of this lunatic we have no information.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE MRS. ROBERTS,

By MRS. OPIE.

It is not uncommon to see prefixed to the works both of dead and living authors, an engraving of their face and form; and as many persons are solicitous to know all that can be known of those whose hours have been devoted to the instruction and amusement of the world, such exhibitions of the external appearance of writers are probably surveyed with interest and attention, however insignificant the sketch, and however imperfect the resemblance. It is this conviction that has led me to undertake the difficult, though soothing task, of endeavouring to delineate the character of the lamented

and admirable woman, whose manuscript work (*Duty*, a novel, interspersed with poetry,) I am about to give to the world; for, if the person of an author be interesting to the reader, the character and the conduct must be infinitely more so, especially as we gaze on the portrait prefixed to a work, chiefly, perhaps, with a desire of tracing in it some clue to the mind and disposition of the being whom it represents.

Margaret Roberts was the youngest daughter of a respectable clergyman of the name of Wade, who resided at Boxford, in Suffolk; and, in the year 1792, she became, after a long and mutual attachment, the wife of the Rev. Richard Roberts, third son of Dr. Roberts, late Provost of Eton*. Immediately after their union, she went to reside with her husband at the village of Mitcham, in Surry. I have passed over the period of my lost friend's residence under the roof of her father, because, though well aware that she must have been all a daughter ought to be, as virtue is commonly consistent with itself, and the duties are usually inseparable companions, I am most anxious to exhibit her as a wife, that character which is best calculated to call forth the virtues of a woman, and in which the heart and the temper are most tried and most displayed to view.

Mrs. Roberts had not the happiness of being herself a parent; but the situation which it was her lot to fill, was such as to awaken in her affectionate nature much of the tender anxiety of the maternal character, as Mr. Roberts had under his tuition seventeen or eighteen boys (chiefly sons of the nobility), from the age of seven to fourteen, over whose health and comfort she watched with tenderness the most endearing. This tenderness was repaid by them by feelings of affectionate gratitude, which survived the presence of the object which called them forth, since many a youth and many a man has continued eager to own, and anxious to return, his obligations to that care which constituted so great a part of the comforts of his childhood. On this scrupulous attention to the welfare of the children committed to the care of her husband, I might rest Mrs. Roberts's pretensions to the character of an excellent wife; but her claims to that title did not end there. The *manner* in which she fulfilled her arduous duties as mistress of a family, was equally worthy of imitation. Like one of the heroines of her own novel, she was never idle, never for a moment unemployed; and to the conscientious employment of her time is to be attributed her power of doing more in a day with less apparent effort, than any one who had not witnessed it can be easily led to believe. Though she had to conduct a very large and troublesome establishment; though, during the occasional short absences of Mr. Roberts, she had to preside in the school, no one heard her complain of want of time for any useful or pleasant occupation. No one staying at the house ever missed her at the hour of projected amusement; and, though every domestic duty was regularly fulfilled, she seemed, when in company of her guests, to have nothing to do but to amuse herself and them. Never

* Author of *Judah Restored*, and other poetical pieces.

were her necessary avocations an excuse for any neglect of her person or her dress. She was neat, even to *Quaker* neatness, in her appearance and her apparel; and the same presiding spirit of nicety was visible in her house and in her grounds. It was remarkable also, that, though she had so many serious claims on her time, she had more correspondents, and wrote more and longer letters, than almost any other person in a private situation. Such is the practical usefulness resulting from a resolution to allot to every passing moment some rational employment, or some salutary recreation. It was this resolution which enabled Mrs. Roberts to be, in the space of one little day, the superintendent of a large family, the delight of a circle of friends, the punctual correspondent, the elegant work-woman, the instructive writer, and the admirable reader of poetry and prose.

About eight or nine years ago, she was induced to write, and then to publish, a little work, called *The Telescope*, or *Moral Views*, for children; which was a promising proof of those talents for that line of writing which she afterwards displayed in *Rose and Emily*, a work with her name to it published two years ago. She has left behind her some other manuscripts, among which are several admirable songs; but at present, at least, the work which I am editing is the only one designed for the public eye.

But to return to the contemplation of her as a woman and a wife. Though constant occupation was the great secret by which she effected so much, method and order were two of her principal agents; and like the magic wand, whose touch made the labours of Psyche easy in a moment, method and order operated on every busy department in her household, and every thing was ready at the hour appointed, as if guided by some certain, though invisible agency. It must be supposed, that superintending a family consisting of so many children of various dispositions and habits, must have been very trying to the temper as well as to the feelings. But the temper of Mrs. Roberts was equal to any trial; and unimpaired, or rather perfected by trials, it shone in the benign expression of her dark and animated eye, it dimpled her cheek with a smile the most endearing and benevolent, and spoke in the mild and tuneful accents of a voice which no one ever heard without feeling disposed to love the being who possessed it. Nor was the benevolence which irradiated her countenance, which gave grace to her manner and sweetness to her voice, displayed in a less positive degree in her sentiments and her actions; with *her*, kindness was not a habit of manner, but a habit of *mind*. She spoke *affectionately*, because she felt benevolently.

I scarcely know any one so averse as she uniformly was to believe a tale to the disadvantage of another; and when forced to give credit to such tales by incontrovertible evidence, it is certain that she never took pleasure in repeating them. When communications were of doubtful authority, she never fell into that common fault of saying to her conscience, "I am sure I do not *believe* it, it cannot possibly

be true, *but I have heard* so and so;" weakly imagining, as persons in general do, that the affected candour of disbelieving the tale takes away the guilt of relating it. And when indisputable evidence authorized her to relate what she had heard, she was never eager to spread the information; for her good taste, as well as her good feelings, made her dislike to dwell on the crimes or foibles even of those of whom she had no knowledge; and as she was certainly not less generous to her acquaintances and friends, she inspired confidence as well as affection in all who approached her. Those who knew her the best were the most inclined to rely upon her candour, as on a staff which would always support them; and they also knew that her's was the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins;" and her's the piety which led to that *forbearing* charity also, which suffereth long, and is kind, "which is not easily provoked;" but which thinketh no evil, but ever keeps in remembrance that *holy rule* for the government of the tongue, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The most suspicious, the most apprehensive, left her presence devoid of fear, lest their departure should be the signal for an attack on their manner, their person, their dress, or their character; they knew that, if she spoke of them at all, it would be to praise them, and to call into notice some good or some attractive quality. Yet her kindness to the absent was not the result of want of power to amuse the person by exhibiting the foibles or peculiarities of the departed guests in a ludicrous or powerful manner; for, if ever justice warranted her to be severe on the vices or follies of others, no one could hold them up to ridicule with more wit, or greater success. Indeed, it is commonly those who are most able to be severe with *effect*, whose benevolence and whose principles forbid them the frequent and indiscriminate use of their power.

If it was thus safe and pleasant to be the acquaintance of Mrs. Roberts, how much more delightful was it to be her friend and her companion?

She always seemed to prosper herself in the prosperity of her friends; she identified herself so intimately with them, that their joy was her joy, their sorrow her sorrow, their fame her fame. Never did she abuse the familiarity of friendship so far as to wound the self-love of those whom she professed to regard, by needlessly uttering to them mortifying truths; never did she make herself the vehicle of others' malice, by repeating to them a cruel or severe remark which she had heard concerning them. *Her* lips, *her* eyes were guiltless of

> "The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
> The obvious satire, the implied dislike,
> The taunting word whose meaning kills."

It was the constant wish of her benevolent nature to be the means of as much innocent enjoyment as she could to all with whom she associated; and one felt so certain that her kindness was ever on the alert to veil one's foibles, and show one's good qualities to the best advantage, as moonlight casts a favourable shade over mean objects, and adds new beauty and new grandeur to objects of importance, that to

be with her was a gala time to one's self-love; and perhaps some of the charms which her society possessed was owing to her wish and her ability, not only to appreciate her associates according to the exorbitant demands of self-approbation, but also to her power of making them *feel* that she did so. Yet still she was *no flatterer*. Where she bestowed praise, or felt affection, she had first reasoned, or deceived her understanding into a belief, that praise and affection were most righteously deserved. She seemed indeed to live more than any one I ever saw, in a little world of her own creation; whose inhabitants were clothed by her beneficent fancy in virtues, talents, and graces, such as real life scarcely ever displays; and losing her natural acuteness of discrimination in her wish to believe her dreams realities, she persisted often to reject the evidence of her experience,

> "And thought the world without like that within."

The other line of this couplet applies to her with equal justice; for her mind was

> "So pure, so good, she scarce could guess at sin."

Nor was it likely to run any risk of contamination; since she possessed that *quiet, mild* dignity of carriage and expression, which had power, without offending, to awe the *boldest* into propriety, and to give the tone insensibly to the conversation even of the *volatile* and the *daring*.

To have known a woman so amiable, will always be among the most pleasing recollections of my life, and to have lost her so soon, one of my most lasting regrets. Similarity of pursuits endeared us to each other; and did for our intimacy what is usually effected only by the slow hand of time. When we first met, we soon forgot that we had not met before, and a few years gave to our friendship a solidity and a truth, commonly the result of long acquaintance alone.

But the regret which I still feel for her loss, has been in some measure solaced by my having been called upon, at the earnest desire of her husband, anxious for the fame, and soothed by the contemplation of the virtues of his wife, to pay this tribute to her memory, and give her manuscript to the world. The latter task is one which I seemed peculiarly fitted to undertake, because my lamented friend read the MS. aloud to me during the last moments which I passed in her society, and she confided to me her intentions with respect to the principal characters.

I have merely to add, that after an illness of only three weeks' duration, and one to all appearance not attended by danger, she sunk unconsciously into the grave, lamented not only by the husband and the friend who fondly watched beside her bed of death, but by a far, far-spreading circle of friends and acquaintances, over whose prospects the unexpected loss of such a joy-diffusing being cast a thick and sudden darkness, and which must have been felt in order to be conceived.

She was buried in the family vault at Boxford, by the side of her parents and of her sister, the sister of her virtues and her talents, Louisa Carter, who departed this life on the 23d of November, 1810,

whom she survived only two years and ten months. The memorandum which she left behind her relative to the disposal of some of her effects after her death, began with the following words, which she designed should be her epitaph:—"I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come;" testifying thereby her belief in that Gospel, according to whose precepts she regulated her life, and whose hopes, had consciousness been permitted to her, could not have failed to irradiate the closing scene of her existence.

AMELIA OPIE.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE satisfaction expressed by the subscribers to the Histories of Oxford and Cambridge, the former of which is now finished, and the latter in the course of publication, has induced Mr. ACKERMANN to undertake what may be considered a supplement to those works, designed to contain *Historical Accounts of the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, and Westminster, with the Charter-House, and the Free-School of Harrow.* It will be published in the same form as the works above-mentioned, and illustrated by the same artists, and form not less than ten nor more than twelve monthly numbers, the first of which will appear on the 1st September, 1815. Each number will contain four highly finished and coloured engravings, displaying exterior and interior views of the Colleges and Public Buildings, as well as representations of the various costume of the Colleges and Schools. One thousand copies only will be printed. To the first five hundred subscribers the price will be twelve shillings each number; the remaining five hundred will be advanced to sixteen shillings.

The elegant edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, illustrated by twelve beautiful engravings by Scott after designs by Burney and Thurston, announced some time since by Mr. Ackermann, is ready for delivery to the subscribers.

Mr. Ackermann is likewise publishing by subscription, a *Treatise on Farm-Houses and Cottages*, as they relate to the Picturesque. The work will contain fifty-two plates, executed in a bold style of finished etching, from drawings after nature. Each plate will represent a Farm-House, or Cottage, in a separate county. The whole will comprise a rural scene in every county in England and Wales.—The plates are etched by Francis Stephens, from original drawings by Messrs. Chalon, Cristall, Delamotte, Grainger, Hills, Munn, Norris, Prout, Pyne, Samuel Stevens, J. Varley, C. Varley, Webster, and Wilson. The subjects will be illustrated by a Treatise on the Drawing of Rural Architecture. This work, which is nearly completed, and is of the size of elephant 4to. will be published in five monthly numbers, the first of which appeared on the 1st of January. The first four will contain ten plates each, and the fifth twelve plates: the price of each to subscribers will be ten shillings and sixpence.

The *Series of Portraits of the Founders of Colleges and Public Buildings in the University of Oxford*, from pictures preserved in that city and in private collections, intended to complete the Graphic Illustration of the History of the University, will be ready for delivery on or before the 1st March next. It will comprise thirty-one Portraits, the price of which to subscribers will be three guineas and a half, and to non-subscribers five guineas.

The public curiosity is much excited by a little work which Mr. Ackermann has in the press, called *A Treatise on Gas Light*. It is to be illustrated with perspective and geometrical designs of the apparatus, to shew the interior and exterior construction of the work, and its whole process. Such an illustration is much wanted at this moment, when the public mind is so much agitated with the merit or demerit, with the danger or safety, with the benefit or injury likely to accrue from the mode of lighting with gas. It is only to be regretted, that the public has not sooner been made acquainted with the art and mystery of the process.

The first number of a new work relative to the Antiquities of Great Britain, appeared on the 1st of January, entitled *The Antiquarian Itinerary*. It will be continued in monthly numbers, each containing twelve or more engravings, executed in the first style, accompanied with descriptions. It is printing in two sizes, demy and foolscap 8vo.

Speedily will be published, in 4to. *The History of Richard the Third, King of England, &c.* composed, in five books, by Sir George Buck; now first printed entire from the original MS. in the possession of the editor, Charles Yarnold, Esq.: with an appendix of notes and documents.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo. with a plan and map, *The Campaign of Paris in* 1814: to which is prefixed, a Sketch of the Campaign of 1813, or a brief and impartial history of events from the invasion of France by the foreign armies, to the capitulation of Paris and the dethronement of Buonaparte; accompanied by a delineation of the principal traits of his character, and the cause of his elevation: compiled from authentic documents and the testimony of eye-witnesses, and translated from the French of P. F. F. J. Giraud.

A second edition of Mr. Bourn's *Gazetteer* of the most remarkable places in the world, with brief notices of the principal historical events, and of the most celebrated persons connected with them; to which are annexed references to books of history, voyages, travels, &c. &c. intended to promote the improvement of youth in geography, history, and biography, is in the press and will speedily be published.

Dr. W. B. Collyer commenced, on Wednesday evening, 21st Dec. last, at Salters' Hall, a course of Lectures on the *Scripture Parables*. They will be put to press immediately, and when published will form the fourth volume of Dr. Collyer's Lectures.

The *Censura Literaria*, containing titles, extracts, and opinions of old English books, especially those which are scarce, by Sir Egerton

Brydges, K. J. having not only risen to more than four times its original price, but having lately become almost unattainable, the publishers propose to supply the demands for it by reprinting an impression of 100 copies, in ten vols. 8vo. as soon as that number of subscribers shall be obtained.

Messrs. Havell announce *Picturesque Views and Characteristic Scenery of British Villas*, in a series of coloured prints, in imitation of drawings, of views of the principal palaces, noblemen's mansions, and gentlemen's seats, throughout Great Britain. This work will commence with the principal villas within a hundred miles of London, and extend the distance till the whole is accomplished; forming a complete illustration of the most interesting villas in Great Britain, and making an useful and ornamental volume for the library.

Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, has finished a new poem, entitled *The Pilgrim of the Sun.*

The Comte de Laborde, the learned author of *Voyage Pittoresque et Historique de l'Espagne*, in 3 vols. folio, and of other highly interesting works on antiquities, history, &c. is now in London, and has with him a large collection of drawings, engravings, and sketches of the ancient architectural and sculptural monuments of France, and proposes to publish a series of these, classed in chronological order.

Mr. Wm. Jerdan is engaged in translating a miscellany, which has obtained great celebrity at Paris, under the title of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, and to which he has given the appropriate name of *The Paris Spectator.*

Dr. Berger, of Geneva, in a letter dated the 8th of November, communicates to Dr. Albers, of Bremen, the following fact, which cannot but interest the naturalist:—"The blade-bone of an animal of the cetaceous species, was lately found in the Lake of Geneva, near Lausanne. It is of prodigious size, the cavity of the articulation being two Paris feet nine inches in circumference. The celebrated naturalist, Professor Jurine, has had a drawing made of it."

Professor Sementini, of Naples, has published an account of an extraordinary phænomenon which occurred at Gerace, in Calabria, on the 14th of March, 1813. After the wind had blown for two days from the east with considerable and increasing violence, a thick cloud was perceived over the sea, and seemed to approach the coast. At a quarter to three P. M. the wind abated a little; but the cloud, which had already enveloped all the hills, began to obscure the light of day, and to assume a formidable appearance. Instead of exhibiting a reddish tinge only, as it had done when at a distance, it now assumed the colour of red-hot iron. At half-past four, it had grown so dark, that it was necessary to light candles in the houses. The affrighted people ran in haste to the cathedral, and compelled the priest, who was about to preach a fast-sermon, to mount the pulpit and read prayers. No sooner was the sub-prefect apprized of the circumstance, than he repaired to the church, if possible, to appease the people. After more mature reflection on the danger to which he should expose himself by his opposition to the popu-

lar notions, he left some priests to supply his place. About five o'clock the shrieks of the terrified wretches grew so strong, that timid persons were necessarily alarmed. The firmament had now become of a red-yellow, the light of the sun was completely obscured, and on the north absolute darkness prevailed. Though the sea is six miles distant, the roaring of the waves was distinctly heard in the town, and a hollow rolling, accompanied with thunder and lightning, resounded through the atmosphere. Large drops, impregnated with a yellow dust, now began to fall: they were at first taken for blood, and by some even for a shower of fire. The alarm excited by these natural phænomena was raised to the highest pitch by a fire which accidentally broke out in a private house. By this circumstance, the spectacle, on the whole, was rendered still more imposing. The people could no longer be kept within any bounds; they were convinced that the last day had arrived. The fire that had broken out was in their eyes the beginning of the universal conflagration, and they ran to and fro in the streets, screaming and howling in the most dismal manner. Some of them, extending their arms to the priests, earnestly entreated them to hear their confessions without delay; and such as could not immediately meet with a priest, confessed aloud in the public streets. Some beat their foreheads and their breasts, or tore their hair, while others scourged themselves, and ascribed to their sins the calamity impending over the whole human race. With loud cries, they insisted that the images of the saints should be carried in procession, which, being in such commotions, the only method of preventing excesses, and protecting the churches and ecclesiastical edifices from injury, was immediately done. The images were carried out, and till late in the evening the people remained assembled round them, praying and rending the air with their cries.—Towards night the atmosphere again became serene, the rain and lightning ceased, and the people were more easily calmed, as the cause of the fire was discovered, and its progress arrested.—The dust which had fallen with the rain was of a pale yellow, of an earthy, but not strong taste, and of extreme fineness. With a moderate heat it turned brown, then quite black, and with a still more intense heat, it again became of a reddish yellow.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Companion to the Royal Patent Chiroplast, or Hand-Director, a new-invented Apparatus for facilitating the attainment of a proper execution on the Piano-Forte, by the Inventor, J. B. Logier. Pr. 8s.

The several contrivances to which collectively the learned appellation of CHIROPLAST has been given, are, the *gamut-board*, the *position-frame*, the *finger-guides*, and the *wrist-guide.*

The *gamut-board* is to direct the pupil how to find the proper key for every note, and consists of an oblong board, which on one side has drawn upon it two staves of five lines each, one for the treble and the other for the bass, exhibiting the notes so written, that, when slid over that part of the piano-forte

which is immediately behind the keys, and which generally shews the maker's name, each note, with its name, will be exactly above its corresponding key. This, certainly, is a very simple and adequate contrivance, to facilitate the wearisome task of teaching the notes and their sounds. With the same view, we have frequently recommended, with great benefit, the writing of each note, bass, and treble upon separate cards, each containing a fragment of the stave of five lines. These the pupil had to draw at random, and then find its corresponding key on the piano-forte.

The *position-frame* consists of two parallel wooden bars, screwed lengthways over the whole keyboard, so as to be just before it, and admit the hands passing between them nearly as far as the wrists, by which means the hands can only move horizontally. To this part of Mr. Logier's apparatus we cannot refrain from giving our most particular and decided approbation: it at once prevents any vicious action of the wrists and arms, and consequently that uncouth hammering which is so common among learners; while, on the other hand, it obliges the pupil to play with his fingers only, and thereby to acquire proper digital ease and strength, the very essence of clean, precise, and vigorous execution.

The *finger-guides* are two moveable brass plates, with five divisions, through which the thumb and four fingers are introduced. These divisions correspond perpendicularly with the keys of the instrument, and may be moved and screwed fast to a brass rod, on which they are made to slide. They are therefore stationary during performance, and are only shifted according to the particular lesson or digital drill the pupil may have to practise, which, of course, cannot exceed the compass of a fifth, and does not admit of any shift or change of fingers. Hence we doubt the applicability of this part of the apparatus to exercises with many sharps or flats. Nevertheless, the use of these finger-guides, were it even confined to the scale of C major alone, would still materially assist in giving a proper position and action to the fingers.

The *wrist-guide* is a strong brass wire projecting from the finger-guide, so as to confine the wrist in a proper position, and to prevent its being inclined outwards.

From what has been stated, it will appear that Mr. Logier's Chiroplast is a sort of musical stocks, in which the hands and fingers are so confined as to preclude the possibility of faulty action or motion; a go-cart, to teach the hands and fingers to walk properly, especially in the absence of the master, or even under the eye of a master, many of whom are not sufficiently attentive in correcting bad habits in the bud. Having already given our opinion of the merits of its component parts, we will only add, that we feel confident the price of five guineas, at which it is on sale at Messrs. Clementi and Co.'s will soon repay itself by the advantages it holds out, and by the saving in time as well as in the expence of instruction.

It remains for us to say a few words on the didactic part of the

publication before us. The rudiments of music are progressively explained with much clearness and precision, in a manner considerably deviating from the common books of instruction, and evincing much experience in the teaching of the piano-forte. Numerous lessons are introduced, to exemplify the use of the finger-guides, and the idea of varying a simple theme, so as to deduce from it several lessons, gradually more active and complicated, is not their least merit. This plan, and the whole system of Mr. Logier's instruction, as laid down in the book before us, appear to us so satisfactory, that we are sure great benefit will be derived from his "Companion to the Chiroplast," even by those who are not in possession of the apparatus.

John of Paris, *a comic Opera, in two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed and partly selected from the Original French Opera by* Boieldieu, *and adapted for the English Stage* by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 15s.

Besides the overture, the single songs only, five in number, bear Mr. Bishop's name as composer; the rest, to judge from the style and by the title-page, we suppose to be from the pen of the French composer. Our critical notice will naturally be chiefly directed to the former. The first of Mr. Bishop's songs, "The Girl that I love," sung by Mr. Duruset, is an agreeable little ballad in four flats, the final burden of which is particularly attractive. The next, "That gem of the soul, a tear," (Sinclair) is conceived with great feeling, and has some truly sweet passages, the most striking of which is at "His charmer dear;" but the general cast of its ideas is not altogether novel. "No, never, no," (*p.* 72) a polacca sung by Miss Stephens, is preceded by an interesting introduction of both an excellent symphony and a sentence or two in recitative: the subject of the polacca itself, and its treatment, resemble several of Mr. Bishop's earlier movements of this description; it is appositely relieved by the intervention of a neat episodical part at "Vain, foolish fears." We observe the chromatic descent of the bass in *p.* 75, but think the harmonic progression in the last line extremely bold. The whole is treated in a brilliant style, well suited to the advantageous display of Miss Stephens' powers. In Mr. Taylor's song, "My anger will choke me," Mr. Bishop has been eminently successful. The music is full of genuine comic humour, and often highly original; the rapid flow of the melody in $\frac{6}{8}$ time is excellently suited to the expression of blustering passion, and the occasional exclamations, "By this plague MisterJohn," could not have been set more ludicrously; in short, every thing is as it should be. The last of Mr. Bishop's songs is a little ballad for Mr. Sinclair, called "All for love, all for honour." The text is highly capable of musical expression, and, in more than one instance, Mr. B. has done justice to it. His motivo is neat, and the call, "Hark! the proud foe is near," very impassioned and natural; but the burden, "All for love," &c. save the beginning (which is borrowed from Figaro),

appears to us rather common; nor does the mere repetition of the phrase in *l.* 1, *p.* 82, accord with the contrast in the words, which the composer has sufficiently felt, and tried to express by *ff* and *pp*.

Of the numerous and voluminous pieces in two, three, and more parts (probably by Boieldieu), it is not our province to give a detailed account; but we cannot, in justice to their author, refrain from expressing generally our high opinion of their merit, and in some cases of their excellence. The trio *(p.* 17*)*, for instance, the grand finale of the first act, and the affecting air of the Troubadour, are of the latter description; and the duet *(p.* 93*)*, "The dearest form my childhood knew," we feel no hesitation in declaring, to be, to our taste, the most valuable piece in the whole volume; there is an enchanting softness in its simple melody, which merges beautifully into the relative minor key. It is stated to be composed by "Boieldieu *and* Bishop," a joint labour, not easily understood on our part, unless it be, that the latter gentleman's share consisted in making a duet of the air. Be this as it may, the melody and its harmony, whoever be their author, do him honour.

We had almost omitted mentioning the overture, likewise by Mr. Bishop. It is one of his best compositions of this kind, full of those striking effects of bold modulation so familiar to him; and it possesses the classic merit, not generally to be met with in Mr. B.'s introductory symphonies, of not being subdivided into three or four successive movements. The largo has our unqualified approbation, especially in regard to the bold harmonies introduced towards the end; and we have not overlooked the circumstance of its motivo of a *six*-barred period, being skilfully transformed into the subject for the allegro likewise. The latter, which is somewhat long, would afford matter of much favourable comment, but our limits are already too far overstepped, to admit of an analysis of its various merits.

Les petits Bijoux. No. XXIV. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Braham's air, *Is there a Heart that never loved?* forms the subject of this number of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s periodical publication by Mr. Kiallmark, in a manner to draw forth our sincere commendation. The task was not, we think, without some difficulties, but these have been creditably overcome. We observe the minor with much satisfaction; and the idea of transforming the theme into a hornpipe, and a very good one, is not a little ingenious. Equal praise is due to the polacca (var. 5), and the subsequent adagio is imagined with much feeling. A brisk movement, in $\frac{3}{8}$ time, serves as an appropriate conclusion.

An Hungarian Air, with grand Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by Ferd. Ries, Member of the Royal Academy of Music in Sweden. Pr. 4s.

On turning over these variations, we could not help reflecting on the astonishing progress which the art of piano-forte playing has made in our times. Half a century ago, such music would have been looked upon as absolutely beyond the scope of any one single instrument under the hand of even the first master; now it is accessible to

mere amateurs. It is true, these must be of advanced proficiency, yet in London alone many of these will be found equal to the task. These variations are of the higher order of compositions, such as we might expect from a pupil of Beethoven. The theme is a simple air in G minor. Upon this Mr. R. has reared one of the most elaborate and profoundly scientific sets of variations modern music has to boast of. Their number is not less than sixteen, independently of a coda; and each measures a good page. To present, therefore, our readers with any thing like a *catalogue raisonné* of such a performance of endless variety and uninterrupted excellence, would much encroach upon the room which many other publications on our list have necessarily to occupy, as it might ultimately be tedious to many, and even superfluous. We can safely dismiss Mr. R.'s variations with a general passport of the strongest recommendation, accompanied by expressions of the highest respect for talents that can send forth such masterly productions.

"*Vous et moi*," *a Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the favourite Air of "Lieber Augustine," with new Variations, composed, and dedicated to Lady Ann and Lady Charlotte Montagu Scott*, by T. Latour. Pr. 4s.

The variations are preceded by a movement in *tempo di marcia* (C major), the subject of which is highly spirited and tastefully interspersed by repletory upper notes, which have the effect of *piccolo* flutes; but the conclusion in D minor (*l.* 3,) appears to us rather old-fashioned; otherwise the whole of the harmony is full and vigorous. The variations, although rather extended to perhaps too great a length, are very ably and fancifully devised. In the 2d, for instance, we observe the excellent support of a strongly marked running bass; the 3d derives its peculiar character from the brilliant effect of its triplets; the minor, No. 4, is very pleasing; and the demisemiquavers in No. 5 will afford excellent practice for the fingers, under whose grasp they are well placed. No. 8 likewise shews a very active bass; and the change of time in No. 10 is skilfully imagined, and a spirited coda deduced from it.

No. II. *Petite Recreation, containing a March and Valce for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Hon. Lady Charlotte Hood*, by L. von Esch. Pr. 2s. 6d.

There is less originality in the first movement, the march, than selectness of combination and arrangement in its successive periods. The whole proceeds with pleasing regularity and marked precision; and the 2d part contains some prettily conceived variations of thoughts, more simply introduced in the prior staves: the minor, in five flats, is not only more originally imagined, but scientifically and tastefully constructed. The next movement, a walz in two flats, ingratiates itself by its melodious simplicity; and the peculiarity in the rhythm of the 2d part, together with the crossing of the hands, is attended with good effect; the trio is more particularly engaging, and the range of thirds interspersed in its second part, produces much

sweetness. An active and spirited coda concludes this composition, which fully makes good its title of "*Petite Recreation*," as it combines the advantages of attractive harmony and executive facility.

A third Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Murray, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. 6d.

We are much pleased with the classic simplicity of the theme, and therefore regret the more to accompany this expression of our satisfaction by an exception affecting the second part, which would certainly have corresponded better with the regularity of the first, had it been confined to eight bars likewise, instead of being spun out into ten by the appendage of two bars at the end. What is more, we have the author himself tacitly on our side: as if sensible of the irregularity of the appendix, he gives it completely the slip in all his variations, except in the adagio at the end, where it makes its appearance; but where, being now a portion of *twelve* bars, altogether proceeding in slower motion, it is not objectionable, but, on the contrary, contributes to impart interest to that elegant movement. The variations are conceived in the best style, and evince the author's ingenuity and tasteful invention.—The triplets in the 2d are prettily contrived; in the 3d we notice the well arranged progression of chords that serve to terminate it; the march (No. IV.) proceeds with spirit through the basis of the theme; the running bass of the 6th variation is ably devised; and the coda, though last, is not the least in our favour—it is particularly interesting.

The Sky-Rocket, a new Jubilee Waltz, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Colonel Congreve, by Samuel Wesley. Pr. 1s. 6d.

When composers like Mr. Wesley occasionally step down from the elevated station upon which their talents have placed them, in order to devote those talents to the benefit of humbler attainments, they are entitled to our thanks. This is the case in the present walz, which, although exhibiting here and there traces of superior harmonic arrangement, is nevertheless accessible to moderate proficients on the piano-forte. The musical illustration of the Sky-Rocket, by rapidly sliding the finger over a range of keys, is borrowed from a walz to be played by *one* finger. To let these rockets off with effect, requires, however, some little practice.

"*The Riddle*," *a favourite Canzonet for the Piano-Forte or Harp, composed* by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s.

The solution of this riddle (the word *Straw*) is as easy as the song by which it is propounded. The melody, simple as it is, is agreeable, unaffected, and regular. It is a song of this kind which we would put on the desk of a very beginner, vocal or instrumental, especially as there is no separate stave for the melody, which is throughout consigned to the right hand.

"*La Tabor*," *a favourite French Air, from the Dog of Montargis, or the Forest of Bondy, arranged for the Harp or Piano-Forte*, by M. P. Corri. Pr. 1s.

"La Tabor" is a lively dance in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, lengthened by being exhibited a second time in the dominant, and arranged with propriety,

as well as with a regard to perfect facility, so as to bring all within the reach of incipient pupils.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. XXXIX. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A well known and certainly favourite dance, called the Persian *Reveille*, forms the subject of this number. The arrangement, by Mr. M. P. Corri, is effective and perfectly easy, so as to fall within the sphere of moderate abilities; and the price is certainly reasonable for five well filled pages.

The celebrated national Dance of Spain, the Cachuca, as danced at the King's Theatre by Senora Mercandoti, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, ad libitum, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

Here are three movements: the first, an introduction, is impressive, full of well marked precision, and quite suited, by its pompous style, to afford proper contrast for the succeeding dance, which is superscribed *Zapateado*. This, as well as the *Cachuca*, which follows next, appears at first glance a composition of foreign extraction.—Their style is quite peculiar and novel, so as to require a corresponding method of delivery in the performance. The digressions from the respective subjects are imagined in proper character, and the flute accompaniment, not *throughout ad libitum*, affords an effective support.

Twenty favourite Airs, (without Variations) arranged expressly for the Harp, by N. B. Challoner, Professor of the Harp at the King's Theatre. Pr. 6s.

It requires but a slight inspection of these airs to be convinced, that they are not only, as the title states, expressly designed for the harp, but also that their selection and arrangement proceed from a master, who possesses in an eminent degree the experience of an able instructor. Besides two or three which are of the author's own pen, they are taken from the works of Arne, Arnold, Shield, Dibdin, Paësiello, &c. and are so placed, as well as harmonized, that they form a set of progressive lessons, exhibiting every peculiarity of fingering incidental to the instrument. In every doubtful instance, the proper fingers, as well as the right methods of expression, are indicated. A book of this kind, therefore, considering the very few good ones of a similar nature in existence, cannot fail of being highly acceptable and useful to those amateurs who seriously devote their attention to so elegant an instrument as the harp.

Prince William of Brunswick's Waltz for the Piano-Forte, composed by Joseph Sharp. Pr. 1s. 6d.

It is obvious, that the main object in the composition of this walz, has been executive facility; and we feel pleasure in adding, this merit is here joined to that of a pleasing progress of melody and of proper harmony. We are particularly satisfied with the trio, which is written with much taste, and to which a few crossed-hand touches, judiciously introduced, impart additional interest. Its conclusion would, in our opinion, have been more select, had the run of quavers been continued in the last bar but one, instead of employing crotchets.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

CONGRESS AT VIENNA, GERMANY, &c. &c.

ANOTHER month has elapsed without bringing the deliberations of the European diet assembled at Vienna to a termination, or even affording hopes of a speedy settlement. On the contrary, the discussions have become more and more serious and perplexed, owing to the unwillingness of some of the greater powers to part with the spoil in their possession or contemplation, and the consequent pretensions of others to be put on an equality in the allotment of their share. Our expectations, therefore, of the restoration of Europe to its former happy state, are likely to prove a dream of delusion; and instead of seeing peace secured on principles of justice, carrying in themselves the warranty of its durability, we are not without fears, that the Congress will dissolve itself without having settled the affairs of Europe; or that if a settlement take place, it will carry with it the germ of future broil.

Poland and Saxony remain still the principal questions of difficulty. Russia and Prussia seem, by a separate agreement, to have guaranteed to each other the tenure of these two kingdoms; they each have possession of them, and seem determined to keep what they hold. The Grand-Duke Constantine, suddenly sent from Vienna to Warsaw, has, by an order of the day of the 11th Dec. called on the Polish troops to assemble round their standards, "for the defence of their country and the maintenance of their *political existence!*" which he exhorts them to "seal with their blood." To the Poles such a call was nothing new, as, but two years ago, they had been addressed by Bonaparte in the very same words. But Austria, France, and England heard with utter astonishment such warlike language in times of profound peace. What explanation they might have received we do not know; probably the Emperor Alexander did not think it necessary to give any other, than that he had thought this the plainest and most intelligible way of letting the other powers know at once what were his intentions in regard to Poland. Whether it be owing to this measure on the part of Russia, or perhaps to some as yet unavowed designs upon the Turkish dominions, it is certain, that great assemblages of Austrian troops have recently taken place in Galicia and in the Bukowina; and that the Divan at Constantinople has taken the alarm, and reinforced the Turkish garrisons on the frontier. In our opinion, however, the Porte need entertain no serious apprehensions, while so little agreement subsists between the Christian powers. Should they be unanimous in an enterprize against Turkey, her situation just at this time would be doubly critical. The Servians are again in insurrection, and although their first movements have been checked by force of arms, the conduct of the victors has not been of a description to allay the irritable spirits of this warlike people; for great numbers have been beheaded or impaled at

Belgrade, on the 29th and 30th Oct. and a few days afterwards, upwards of a hundred more victims of Turkish cruelty had been brought in and lodged in that city.

The only act of the Congress which has become public since our last Retrospect, is the annihilation of the independence of Genoa. By a minute of Congress, dated 12th, and approved by all the plenipotentiaries on the 14th Dec. the territories and city of that ancient republic have been made over to the King of Sardinia. This determination has been notified to the Genoese, in a proclamation from the British officer commanding at Genoa, and has produced, as may be supposed, much dissatisfaction among the inhabitants. They have protested and appealed, but little hopes exist of any alteration in the sentence.

The first session of the states or parliament of Hanover has been opened, on the 15th Dec. at Hanover, by the Duke of Cambridge, under full powers from the Prince Regent. This important event was celebrated with suitable solemnity, and attended with great rejoicings on the part of the grateful Hanoverian population. The duke, in his address to the states, took a comprehensive view of the situation of his majesty's German dominions, and pointed out the principal objects to which the labours of the deputies were to be directed; after which a president was chosen, the oath taken, and a thanksgiving service performed in the metropolitan church.

This noble and wise measure of the Prince Regent, in giving to his German subjects a representative constitution, has set to other German princes an example; which, besides the instances mentioned on a former occasion, we now find has been likewise followed by the Grand-Duke of Baden. In a note addressed to Prince Metternich and Prince Hardenberg, he communicates his resolution of giving to his provinces a constitution founded on states general, the right of voting all taxes, a share in legislation, &c. This constitution is to receive its definitive organization after the termination of the Congress, agreeably to the proposals of a commission in the mean time appointed, for the purpose of drawing up the plan thereof.

FRANCE.

The Chambers of Peers and of Deputies were prorogued by royal proclamation on the 30th Dec.; to meet again on the 15th May next. In the former, Marshal Macdonald had, shortly before its close, distinguished his name by an eloquent speech, in which he proposed indemnities being given to emigrants whose property had been confiscated, and to military men who had lost the dotations of small annuities awarded to them by the late government in reward of their services. To the former, the marshal proposed an indemnity of 2½ per cent. on the property lost, which would, as he calculates, amount to about seven millions and a half of francs; and the indemnities to be given to the military in lieu of former pensions, he estimates to require about three millions of francs.

Letters of naturalization have been enrolled in the Chamber of Peers in favour of several persons,

not Frenchmen, but long attached to the French service: the most conspicuous among these naturalizations are, those of Marshal Massena and of Admiral Verhuel.

A singular law-suit is about to be commenced by Louis Bonaparte, or Count de St. Leu, now residing at Rome, against his wife who remains in France, and has the children of both with her. Louis, not wishing to return to France, has ordered his property to be sold, and the produce remitted to him, and has also demanded his children. In regard to the property, no objections have been made by the wife; but she has peremptorily refused to give up the children, on the pretext, that by so doing, their education would suffer, and their privileges as French citizens be lost. The cause, therefore, is to be tried in a French court of justice.

Count Daru, the military financier of Bonaparte, has been appointed Intendant of Finance.

In our last Retrospect we have briefly adverted to the affairs of St. Domingo, or, as it is now called, Hayti. It has since appeared, that, previously to the restoration of the Bourbons, the provisional government in France had rather prematurely sent two commissioners, of the names of Laväysse and Medina, to that island, in order to persuade the two rival chiefs, Petion and Christophe, to surrender their government and the island to France. Whether owing to the conduct of these deputies, which certainly was not marked with the required discretion in so delicate an errand, or whether the object they had in view was *prima facie* impracticable, their mission not only totally failed, but made matters worse than before. Both Petion and Christophe have indignantly rejected every proposal of submission, and have solemnly declared their determination to defend their respective dominions and the liberties of their sable subjects to the last; and every exertion is used by both to meet the armies of France, whom they expect to arrive next spring.—Both, as may be supposed, assiduously court the friendship of England, in whose favour Petion has recently passed a decree, by which the duties on the importation of British goods (exclusively) are reduced from ten to five per cent. Until the affairs of Europe are definitively settled, we do not suppose that France will attempt the reconquest of St. Domingo, sensible as she must be of the magnitude of the force required for such an undertaking, unless she succeed in arming again one of the rival chiefs against the other.

The intelligence of the surrender of the Islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe, inserted in our last, is not confirmed; so late at least as the 15th of Nov. they had not been given up; and it is moreover stated, that orders have been sent out to delay the surrender of the Isle of Bourbon. It is not at all improbable, that the evacuation of our maritime conquests may be deferred, until the settlement of the affairs of Europe by the Congress at Vienna.

SPAIN.

The French papers, our principal source in regard to undisguised intelligence of the affairs of Spain, contain a further set of sentences

passed on the adherents of the Cortes, consisting of priests, military men, literary characters, magistrates, &c. Most of these are condemned to the gallies for a certain number of years. Thus, for instance, the two journalists, Villamarino and Regata, the editors of the *Redactor General*, M. Manrique, Professor of Rhetoric, and Garcia, Professor of Mathematics, go to the gallies for ten years, under pain of death if they be found without the precincts of Carthagena: the two editors of the *Abeja* are adjudged to be hanged; but if they appear, for they are absent, their defences will be heard. This may serve by way of sample, without trespassing on the patience of our readers by a greater detail. As the arrests have not yet ceased, the loyal tribunals will have work prepared for some time to come. Among the late imprisonments we find, to our regret, the name of General Villacampa mentioned; and the same intelligence states, that the two members of the late Regency, Agar and Ciscar, have been conducted to Madrid under a strong escort. General Alava, who had also been arrested, has been released by a royal decree, in which it is stated, that the motives upon which he had been imprisoned were without foundation, and that the general is a faithful, loyal servant, and may expect royal favours. On the other hand, Cardinal Gravina, the papal nuncio, whom the Regency had sent out of the country, because he had incited the priesthood to resist the abolition of the Inquisition, has for that very reason been rewarded by the grant of a lucrative ecclesiastical office in Spain.

The latest advices from the Caraccas, state, that the insurgents had been entirely routed and dispersed by the loyalist army; and that the country was now brought again under the entire subjection of Old Spain.

ITALY.

Besides Genoa, the annexation of which to the dominions of the King of Sardinia we have already mentioned, other territorial changes, or *arrondissements*, seem to be definitively resolved upon. The Pope is to cede to Austria the three legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna; and to Naples, that is to say, to King Murat, the march of Ancona, with some adjacent teritories, collectively known under the appellation of the three Marches. These cessions perhaps are to indemnify him for the want of Sicily, which remains with our old ally, King Ferdinand: they appear to be fully countenanced by Austria, and at all events the right of possession is already with King Joachim, who, to make more sure of his hold, has thrown additional forces into these papal provinces.

These proceedings, and the unsettled state of affairs in Italy altogether, have produced much discontent in that country: at Milan some manifestations of an insurrectionary nature have led to the arrest of several persons; and in the Veronese associations of "brigands," as they are termed, infest the country; but their object is rumoured to be rather of a political nature, than directed to plunder only.

Bonaparte has been seriously indisposed with an inflammation on the chest; and Murat for some days was alarmingly ill of a nervous cholic: both, however, have recovered from their attacks.

NORWAY.

This is probably the last time that the above-mentioned country will occupy our pen under a distinct head. She is now finally become a province of Sweden. On the 14th of Nov. the deputies of the Norwegian Diet had a solemn audience of the King of Sweden at Stockholm, in the presence of the Crown Prince and the first officers of state, for the purpose of presenting to his majesty the constitution agreed upon between the Diet and the Swedish commissioners on the 4th of the same month. The king gave his declaration of adherence to the principles of that constitution, and the deputies took the oath in the name of their constituents.

UNITED STATES.

The negociations at Ghent have terminated in a treaty of peace, which was concluded between the commissioners of both governments on Christmas-eve; subject, of course, to the ratification of the Prince Regent and Mr. Madison. The terms have demi-officially been stated in substance as follows:—

1. All discussion of maritime rights is waved on both sides.

2. The captures made by Great Britain in retaliation of the Berlin and Milan decrees, are not to be restored.

3. Great Britain leaves her Indian allies as she found them in 1812.

4. Great Britain gives up all territorial conquests she may be in possession of, including the province of Maine; but retains the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, which, in fact, were her's by the treaty of 1783.

5. Commisioners, to be appointed on both sides, are to determine whether there shall be any, and what safe and practicable, communication between our eastern provinces and Upper Canada.

6. Great Britain is to have the exclusive right of fishing on her coasts of Newfoundland, and of trading to her East Indian empire.

Hostilities are to cease on the Prince Regent's and Mr. Madison's ratification of this treaty. The former has, it is stated, already taken place conditionally, and the terms are not of a nature to leave a doubt as to the sanction on the part of the president; to obtain which a fast-sailing vessel was immediately sent off.

As this treaty upon the whole leaves the parties in *statu quo ante bellum*, and as the war originated with America for pretensions not now secured to her by the treaty, she certainly cannot boast of having attained the object she went to war for: but upon the whole she sheathes her sword under other advantages, which, in our opinion, more then compensate the loss of her primary object. The sword which was drawn blunt and rusty, is sheathed keen and fit to cut with effect on the first favourable opportunity. From the war she has derived officers and soldiers, and above all a navy, all which she lacked before; an infant navy, it is true, but a Hercules in the cradle, whom she will not neglect nursing

into puberty; and in the last campaign she has, to her surprise, seen the possibility of fighting the undivided strength of England. It has, therefore, been asserted, that the peace has been made either a campaign too late, or a campaign too soon; but, in all probability, his Majesty's ministers were induced, by the unsettled state of European politics, to wave the trial of another campaign.

It is some satisfaction to reflect, that, at the conclusion of this peace, not a foot of British territory was in the possession of our late enemy; for fort Erie, which would have made the only exception, was blown up and abandoned on the 5th Nov. when the American force that held it, crossed over to their own territory.

Meanwhile the Americans have made a new conquest of rather a singular nature, and have thereby created to themselves a new, although less formidable enemy. We have stated in our last, that, as a fore-runner to a great expedition preparing by England against the province of Louisiana, a British force of small amount had landed in the Floridas, and proceeded to Pensacola, the capital of the Spanish colony of West Florida, to which, by right, the fort of Mobile also belongs; although it has been seized by the Americans, under the pretext of its forming part of Louisiana. Fort Mobile being thus in possession of our enemies, we were justified in the attempt of expelling them. But this attempt unfortunately failed, and the assailants were forced to return for shelter to Pensacola. Thither they were followed by the American General Jackson, to whom our reception served as a pretext for the hostile invasion of Florida, and Pensacola was attacked and taken by him. The arrival of the British main force intended for the mouths of the Mississippi, would of course have disposed of General Jackson and his army in a summary way, had not the treaty of peace intervened; but, as the case now stands, it is not easy to anticipate what turn affairs will take in that quarter.

The latest advices of the proceedings of the American government, were by no means of a nature to impress a belief of its looking to the speedy termination of hostilities. Mr. Monroe, the new Secretary at War, addressed, on the 17th Oct. a letter to the military committee of the House of Representatives, in which he declares the determination of his government, not to make concession of any one single point; plainly avows a hope of expelling the British forces from the American continent; and calls on Congress to add 40,000 men to the army of 62,000 regulars already on foot, besides militia and volunteers; and, in fact, to reorganize the whole military system of the United States. A bill to that purpose has accordingly been brought before Congress; but, supposing its being adopted, the execution of the measure will be found a matter of the greatest difficulty; and, in regard to the northern states, probably altogether impossible. The dissatisfaction of the latter at the proceedings of the government, has now risen to such a height, that, at the suggestion of the legislature of the state of Massachusets, the

states of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, have agreed to meet in a general assembly at Halford, on the 15th Dec. in order to confer on the measures necessary to be taken for the safety and welfare of these states. The proceedings of this New-England convention are, of course, not yet known here: under other circumstances, such a step must have produced most important results; but the cessation of hostilities will naturally diminish the interest which otherwise their deliberations would have excited.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The *London Gazette* of the 2d January, contains a royal ordinance, in which the Prince Regent has given a new organization to the Order of the Bath. This order is henceforth to be composed of three classes or degrees, as follows:

1. *Knights Grand Crosses.* This class includes all the former Knights of the Bath, and is to consist, together with these, of 72 military or naval members, and twelve civil or diplomatic; exclusive of the Sovereign, and of such of the Princes of the blood royal as are general or flag officers. No officer below the rank of major-general or rear-admiral, can be a Grand Cross. The insignia are, an appropriate star on the left breast, with the addition of a wreath of laurel, and the motto, "Ich dien," for every military member only. The star is to be worn immediately on the appointment, but the collar only after the installation. Of this class there were nominated sixty, besides the Sovereign, and the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Cambridge, and Gloucester.

2. *Knights Commanders.* Their number is not limited, except as to its honorary members, foreign officers holding British commissions, whose number is not to exceed 10. All must be at least of the rank of lieutenant-colonel or post-captain. Their insignia are, an appropriate star on the left breast, and a broad red ribbon, with badge pendant from the neck. Of this class 180, and the ten honorary members, were nominated by the ordinance of the 2d January, and 15 officers of the East India Company's service were added to it on the 6th January.

3. *Knights Companions.* These are not confined to any number or rank; but to be eligible, the officer must previously have received a medal for military or naval service, or have been honourably mentioned in the Gazette. This class wears a badge by a narrow red ribbon in the button-hole.

The court-martial for the trial of Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray, opened at Winchester on the 16th of January. The charges were as follows:—

1. For landing, and continuing on shore when landed, between the 7th and 12th June, 1813, near Tarragona, a large quantity of heavy artillery, ammunition, and stores; when he had good reason to believe, that no real benefit could be derived from it for ten or twelve days, as to producing the fall of Tarragona by these means; and when he had received information, which he believed, that long before that time a superior force of the enemy would be near, and was aware that the siege must then be abandoned; knowing at the same

MORNING DRESS.

time the great difficulties and dangers attending a sudden re-embarkation on that coast ; such conduct being highly unmilitary, and against the spirit of his instructions.

2. For neglect of duty and disobedience of the express orders of his Excellency Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, the Commander of his Majesty's forces in the Peninsula, by not immediately re-embarking the whole of the forces under his command, after he had determined to raise, and had actually raised, the siege of Tarragona, and retiring to Valencia, in order to assist the Spanish armies in that province, in securing the positions which they might have acquired there.

3. For neglect of duty in hastily re-embarking the forces under his command, without any previous preparations or arrangements; and thus precipitately and unmilitarily abandoning a considerable quantity of artillery, stores, and ammunition, about the 12th June, 1813, near Tarragona, when he was so far from being compelled to this degrading measure by the immediate appearance of any superior force, or by any other sufficient cause, that, by due zeal, firmness, and caution, the greater part of the whole might have been embarked in safety, Admiral Hallowell, who was at the time on duty on the station, engaging to effect the same; such conduct being highly to the prejudice of the service, and detrimental to the British character.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 8.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND robe of fine Cambric jaconot muslin, fastened down the front with cotton ball tassels ; a flounce of lace or needle-work at the feet, appliqued with a narrow border of embroidery ; long full sleeve, confined at the hand with needle-work or French embroidery; a falling collar and cape, trimmed with blond lace ; full back, drawn to the shape. A French mob cap, composed of white satin and blond lace, tied under the chin with celestial blue satin ribband, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. Necklace and cross of satin bead or pearl. Slippers of blue kid. Gloves of Limerick or York tan.

PLATE 9.—EVENING DRESS.

Pale pink or primrose-coloured crape petticoat over white satin, ornamented at the feet with a deep border of tull, trimmed with blond lace and pink, or primrose-coloured ribband, festooned and decorated with roses ; short full sleeve, composed of tull and crape, with a border of French embroidery ; the back drawn nearly to a point, corresponding to the cape front of the dress, and trimmed round with blond lace ; the waist very short, and an easy fulness in the petticoat, carried entirely round. Necklace and drop of pearl ; ear-drops and bracelets to correspond. Hair in irregular curls, confined in the Eastern style, and blended with flowers. French scarf, fancifully disposed on the figure. Slippers of pink or primrose-coloured kid ; gloves to correspond.

For the fashions for this month we are indebted to the tasteful and elegant designs of Mrs. Bean, of Albem..le-street.

Plate 7.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

FRENCH COTTAGE BED.

The interchange of feeling between this country and France, as it relates to matters of taste, has not been wholly suspended during the long and awful conflicts which have so greatly abridged the intercourse of the two nations, and as usual the taste of both has been improved; we have benefited by the fine fancy of the French artists, as they have not neglected to foster the results of British judgment in our own productions.

From the peculiarities of our taste, the French have long adopted the cottage ornée and the English garden; but in the furniture of both, they have preserved much of their own style; for custom and habit do not readily submit even to the allurements of fashion. The furniture plate of the present month, represents a French cottage bed, as found in one of their country retreats: the drapery forms a tent-like canopy, and is suspended by a fasces projecting from the side of the room; the furniture is of a lilac silk, with deep yellow linings; the bed-frame is painted in imitation of rose-wood; the chair is of the same finishing, and the linings of it correspond with the bed-draperies.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of December to the 15th of January.

Acute diseases.—Catarrh, 8.....Sore-throat, 3...Fever, 2....Measles, 4...Small-pox, 3...Hooping-cough, 5....Erysipelas, 2...Acute diseases of infants, 10.

Chronic diseases.—Cough and Dyspnœa, 20....Asthma, 2....Asthenia, 6....Consumption, 4..Pleurodyne, 3..Hœmoptoe, 3...Hœmorrhage, 3...Rheumatism, 6...Dropsy, 5....Lumbago, 3....Dyspepsia, 4.. Jaundice, 1...Mania, 1...Gastrodynia, 3...Diarrhœa, 4....Hysteria, 2...Amenorrhœa, 3....Leucorrhœa, 2....Abortus, 2...Scabies, 5.

Catarrhal complaints appear to be on the increase. In several elderly persons the breathing has been much affected, and considerable debility has ensued. Besides the usual medicines in these cases, it is very essential that the patient should submit to the confinement of a chamber, or suit of chambers, where the temperature of the air may be maintained at the same degree. Going from a warm chamber, up stairs, to one below of a different degree of warmth, and encountering, perhaps, in the passage a current of cold air, is often attended with injurious consequences.

Hœmoptoe, or spitting of blood, is a frequent effect of excessive coughing, and is justly regarded as a very fatal symptom. Delicate people, those especially who are liable to colds, should never neglect the slightest cough, as it often terminates in a more serious disease.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The mild weather through the early part of last month, has been highly favourable to the latter-sown wheats, which have tillowed out a curling flag, giving them an appearance nearly as promising as the early sown, forming together a general prospect of a better crop than we have been accustomed to see in the month of February. The last year's crop has turned out of very indifferent quality and short in quantity.

Barley has turned out a strong and useful sample, and an average produce. Oats a fair produce, but the quality not so fine as in some preceding years.

Turnips, from the mildness of the weather, have yielded much winter food. But the fall in the price of meat has retained the sheep in the hands of the feeder, and will make Swedish turnips a valuable article, if the spring should be backward.

The young rye, winter tares, and all the soiling species, are in the most promising and early state.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.

2885

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Jan. 2 to 7.

TOTAL 5,374 quarters.—Average, 63s. 4½d. per quarter, or 0s 7¼d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Jan. 7 to 13.

TOTAL, 12,482 sacks.—Average, 59s. 0d. per sack, or 4s. 1¼d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Jan. 14.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	63	4	Barley	31	6	Beans	38	7
Rye -	38	11	Oats -	23	9	Pease	42	8

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	40	65	—
——red - -	38	60	—
——foreign	36	54	—
Rye - - -	30	34	—
Barley, English	24	32	—
Malt - - -	60	74	—
Oats Feed -	14	23	—
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	15	26	—
——Potatoe	21	29	—
Beans, Pigeon	30	33	—
——Horse -	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	40	50	—
——Grey -	32	36	—
Flour per sack	50	60	—
——Seconds	40	50	—
——Scotch	40	45	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel -	7	9	—
Turnip - -	20	24	—
Mustard, brown -	12	18	—
——white	7	14	—
Canary, per qr.	8	90	—
Hempseed -	60	68	—
Linseed - -	63	112	—
Clover, red, per cwt.	50	95	—
—— white	60	105	—
—— foreign, red	50	96	—
—— white	65	100	—
Trefoil - -	10	32	—
Carraway -	62	92	—
Coriander -	10	14	—

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £34 a £38 a £—.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £16. 16s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	107	a	112
—— good	102	a	108
—— ordinary	97	a	101
East India white	105	a	120
—— yellow	100	a	104
—— brown	96	a	99

MOLASSES 40s. 0d. a 41s. —d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	185	a	200
Hambro' ditto	150	a	160
Powder ditto	146	a	154
Single ditto	141	a	146
Canary Lumps	136	a	142
Large ditto	132	a	135
Bastards, whole	90	a	105
—— faces	105	a	110
—— middles	100	a	105
—— tips -	92	a	98

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded,*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	
Plantation	65	0	a	80	

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	
Cloves	10	0	a	10	
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	
Mace	36	0	a	42	
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	
—— black	2	5	a	2	
Pimento	2	0	a	—	

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 75s. 5¼d.

Sugars are in moderate demand at the above stated prices The duty on East India is now 30s. only

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	0	a	7	15	Kent - -	5	12	a	8	12
Sussex - -	4	10	a	6	12	Sussex - -	5	5	a	7	7
Essex - -	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham	11	0	a	14	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Jan.	Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Pease. s		s
Newcastle	14	38	a	58	26	a	30	18	a	26	36	a	42	52	a	56
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	21	56	a	64	25	a	28	20	a	24	32	a	40	36	a	40
Chesterfield	14	56	a	72	28	a	31	21	a	27	44	a	—	48	a	—
Ashborne	14	60	a	72	30	a	40	22	a	28	42	a	56	—	a	—
Guildford	21	—	a	—	27	a	31	22	a	32	35	a	48	39	a	43
Gainsboro'	17	46	a	52	21	a	27	11	a	17	29	a	58	—	a	—
Louth	18	46	a	55	21	a	22	12	a	18	—	a	—	—	a	—
Huntingdon	14	54	a	67	24	a	27	18	a	22	26	a	30	—	a	—
Newark	18	46	a	68	24	a	27	15	a	20	30	a	40	—	a	—
Spilsby	16	35	a	46	20	a	24	12	a	14	30	a	36	—	a	—
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	19	40	a	72	24	a	30	30	a	32	44	a	48	—	a	—
Reading	21	40	a	67	22	a	29	18	a	25	28	a	42	37	a	46
Swansea	18	64	a	—	28	a	—	22	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	19	30	a	70	20	a	28	15	a	28	30	a	42	30	a	42
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	17	44	a	56	24	a	28	22	a	26	40	a	50	—	a	—
Penrith	17	61	a	—	31	a	—	21	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	18	42	a	56	22	a	28	21	a	27	37	a	44	—	a	—
Wakefield	20	40	a	64	30	a	83	18	a	24	33	a	42	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	21	44	a	72	24	a	30	24	a	30	46	a	50	—	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Irish -	0	0	a	0	0
—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER, 1814.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1814. DEC	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
1	S W 1	29,78	29,42	29,600	43,0°	34,0°	38,50°	cloudy	.018	—
2	N W 1	29,98	29,78	29,880	40,0	31,0	35,50	gloomy	.026	
3	N W 1	29,98	29,80	29,890	42,0	32,0	37,00	gloomy	.012	.580
☽ 4	N W 1	29,80	29,40	29,600	44,0	31,0	37,50	gloomy	.008	
5	N W 1	29,94	29,40	29,670	43,0	34,0	38,50	gloomy	.036	
6	N W 1	30,14	29,94	30,040	41,0	30,0	35,50	gloomy	.020	
7	S W 1	29,94	29,68	29,810	44,0	32,0	38,00	rainy	—	—
8	S 2	29,68	29,24	29,460	52,0	42,0	47,00	rainy	.014	
9	Var. 2	29,76	29,24	29,500	51,0	31,0	42,00	rainy	.046	
10	Var 2	29,76	29,20	29,480	46,0	27,0	36,50	rainy	—	1.010
● 11	S W 2	29,72	29,20	29,460	46,0	39,0	42,50	rainy	.040	—
12	S 2	29,72	29,60	29,660	55,0	40,0	47,50	cloudy	—	—
13	S 2	29,56	29,40	29,460	56,0	40,0	48,00	cloudy	.036	—
14	S 2	29,56	29,44	29,500	52,0	40,0	46,00	cloudy	.016	—
15	S 3	29,70	29,44	29,570	45,0	42,0	43,50	cloudy	.070	2,295
16	S S W 4	29,80	29,16	29,480	54,0	42,0	48,00	cloudy	—	—
17	S W 3	29,80	29,64	29,720	54,0	40,0	47,00	cloudy	.040	—
18	Var. 3	29,66	29,64	29,650	54,0	41,0	47,50	rainy	.064	—
C 19	S W 1	29,94	29,66	29,800	54,0	40,0	47,00	rainy	.060	
20	S W 1	30,20	29,94	30,070	47,0	37,0	42,00	fine	036	.130
21	E 2	30,20	29,98	30,090	43,0	31,0	37,00	clear	.064	
22	E 2	29,98	29,62	29,800	42,0	32,0	37,00	clear	—	
23	E 2	29,90	29,62	29,760	36,0	31,0	33,50	clear	—	
24	E 3	29,90	29,84	29,870	43,0	30,0	36,50	clear	—	
25	E 3	29,90	29,84	29,870	35,0	30,0	32,50	clear	—	
○ 26	S E 2	29,84	29,76	29,800	34,0	30,0	32,00	cloudy	—	
27	S E 2	29,76	29,24	29,500	36,0	30,0	33,00	cloudy	—	
28	S E 2	29,78	29,24	29,510	36,0	31,0	33,50	cloudy	—	
29	Var. 2	29,84	29,78	29,810	37,0	31,0	34,50	cloudy	.370	—
30	S 2	29,80	29,78	29,790	45,0	35,0	39,50	cloudy	—	—
31	S 1	30,18	29,80	29,990	44,0	36,0	40,50	cloudy	.128	.290
			Mean	29,422		*Mean*	39,79		1.104	4,305

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,422—Maximum, 30,20, wind S. W. 1.—Minimum, 29,11, wind S. S. W. 4.—Range, 1.04 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .64 inch, which was on the 16th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 4,6 inches.—Number of changes, 17.

Mean temperature, 39·79°.—Max. 56°, wind S. 2.—Min. 27°, wind Var. 2.—Range 29.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 20°, which was on the 9th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 1.104 of an inch.

Fall of rain, 4.305 inches—rainy days, 13—snowy, 4—haily, 0.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	0	5	3	7	7	0	5	4	0

Brisk winds 5—Boisterous ones 1.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814. DEC.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	N W	29,80	29,58	29,690	43°	33°	38,0°	cloudy	—	—
2	W	29,95	29,80	29,875	38	32	35,0	cloudy	—	
3	S E	29,90	29,64	29,770	41	32	36,5	foggy	—	.27
☽ 4	S W	29,64	29,49	29,565	45	33	39,0	gloomy	—	—
5	W	30,00	29,49	29,745	41	33	37,0	gloomy	—	—
6	N W	30,10	29,98	30,040	39	33	36,0	fine	—	
7	S	29,98	29,74	29,860	47	38	42,5	rainy	—	—
8	W	29,74	29,45	29,595	54	47	50,5	cloudy	—	.45
9	S W	29,78	29,47	29,625	52	30	41,0	rainy	—	—
10	E	29,50	29,46	29,480	52	32	42,0	rainy	—	.70
● 11	S W	29,77	29,75	29,760	55	50	52,5	gloomy	—	.28
12	S W	29,75	29,66	29,705	57	54	55,5	gloomy	—	.08
13	S W	29,80	29,58	29,690	58	44	51,0	squally	—	—
14	S W	29,80	29,66	29,730	54	46	50,0	cloudy	—	—
15	S W	29,77	29,56	29,665	57	47	52,0	squally	—	—
16	S W	30,00	29,55	29,775	58	43	50,5	squally	—	—
17	S W	30,00	29,89	29,945	56	51	53,5	cloudy	.85	.33
18	S W	29,89	29,80	29,845	57	52	54,5	clouds	—	—
☾ 19	S W	30,10	29,80	29,950	55	36	45,5	clouds	—	—
20	W	30,10	30,07	30,085	41	30	35,5	fine	—	
21	N W	29,85	29,83	29,840	39	32	35,5	fine	—	
22	S E	29,85	29,57	29,710	37	32	34,5	fine	—	
23	S E	29,75	29,73	29,740	38	32	35,0	bleak	—	
24	S E	29,73	29,70	29,715	34	31	32,5	cloudy	—	—
25	N E	29,72	29,70	29,710	34	31	32,5	snowy	—	—
○ 26	E	29,70	29,58	29,640	37	33	35,0	snow	—	—
27	N E	29,58	29,14	29,360	41	35	38,0	rainy	—	—
28	N E	29,76	29,05	29,405	41	34	37,5	rainy	—	1.29
29	N E	29,88	29,76	29,820	45	35	40,0	gloomy	—	—
30	Var.	29,97	29,80	29,885	51	37	44,0	rain	—	—
31	W	30,20	29,97	30,085	45	35	40,0	fine	.44	.06
			Mean	29,751		*Mean*	42,0	*Total*	1.29*in.*	3.46*in.*

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly — Mean height of barometer, 29,751 inches; highest observation, 30,20 inches; lowest, 29,05 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 42,0°.; —highest observation, 58° —lowest, 30°.—Total of evaporation, 1,29 inch.—Total of rain, 3,46 inches.

Notes.—3d. Foggy day —4th. Rainy morning—very gloomy —5th. Misty morning—evening squally.—6th. Fine clear morning—day very fine—evening foggy.—7th. Gloomy morning—11th and 12th. Stormy nights —13th. Gloomy—windy.—14th. Fine morning—afternoon windy with rain.—16th Stormy afternoon.—18th Cloudy and fine.—19th Fine morning—cloudy afternoon—some rain.—20th. Very foggy morning—white frost—21st. White frost.—22d. Fine clear morning—a strong bleak wind all day—lunar halo —23d. Cloudy—a strong, cold wind from the S. E. all day—24th. Very much overcast—a few flakes of snow in the afternoon.—25th. Morning calm—ground covered with snow fallen during the night.—26th. Snowy morning.—27th. Rainy morning—sleet—gloomy.—28th Rainy morning.—31st. Cheerful day—occasional gleams of sunshine.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JANUARY, 1815.

Birmingham Fire Office	£200	pr sh
Eagle Ditto	2 2s	do.
Hope Ditto	2 2s.	do.
Imperial Ditto	48 a 49	do.
Union Ditto	21	do.
Royal Exchange	258	do.
East London Water-Works	64 a 66	do.
Chelsea Ditto	12 5s.	do.
Grand Junction Canal	34 a 35	do.
Portsmouth & Farlington Do.	20 a 22	do.
Birmingham Canal	690a695	do.
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.
Chelmer and Blackwater Ditto	89	do.
Huddersfield Canal	£14 10	per sh.
Shropshire Ditto	78	do.
Leicester and Northampton	131a133	do.
Stroudwater Ditto	232	do.
Swansea Ditto	175	do.
East India Dock	132	do.
East Country Ditto	45	do.
West India Ditto	160	do.
Strand Bridge	20 10	do.
Southwark Ditto	3	dis.
Highgate Archway	10 10	pr. sh.
Russell Institution	18 18	do.
Surry Ditto	13	do.

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PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium.	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.$3\frac{1}{2}$d.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. Jan. 20
Dec. 21	—	Shut	$65\frac{1}{2}$	$82\frac{1}{8}$	Shut	—	$1\frac{3}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	14 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*	£21.19s.	$66\frac{3}{4}$a67
22	$250\frac{1}{2}$	—	$65\frac{1}{2}$	$82\frac{1}{4}$	$97\frac{1}{4}$	$16\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	$3\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	13 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*		67a66
23	250	—	$64\frac{7}{8}$	$81\frac{3}{4}$	$96\frac{7}{8}$	$16\frac{1}{8}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$ *Dis.*	63	—	$93\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	13 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*		$65\frac{7}{8}$a$6\frac{3}{8}$
24	—	—	$65\frac{1}{4}$	$81\frac{3}{8}$	—	$16\frac{1}{8}$	$2\frac{1}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	Shut	—	Shut	13 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*		$66\frac{1}{8}$a$\frac{5}{8}$
26	—	—	66	—	$97\frac{5}{8}$	$16\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	13 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*		$66\frac{1}{2}$a$7\frac{5}{8}$
27	—	—	$66\frac{3}{4}$	82	$97\frac{5}{8}$	—	$0\frac{3}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	13 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		66a$67\frac{1}{4}$
28	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
29	250	—	66	$82\frac{1}{4}$	$97\frac{1}{2}$	$16\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	66	—	13 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		$67\frac{3}{8}$a$\frac{1}{8}$
30	—	—	$65\frac{3}{4}$	$82\frac{1}{8}$	$97\frac{1}{4}$	$16\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	$66\frac{1}{4}$	—	14 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		$67\frac{1}{8}$a$6\frac{3}{8}$
31	250	—	$65\frac{3}{8}$	$81\frac{7}{8}$	—	$16\frac{5}{16}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		$66\frac{3}{8}$a$\frac{3}{4}$
Jan. 2	—	—	$65\frac{7}{8}$	$82\frac{1}{4}$	$97\frac{5}{8}$	$16\frac{5}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$ *Dis.*	$63\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{7}{16}$	—	—	—	—	15 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		$66\frac{5}{8}$a$7\frac{1}{8}$
3	251	—	66	$81\frac{3}{8}$	$97\frac{7}{8}$	$16\frac{5}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$ *Dis.*	$64\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	16 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		67a$\frac{3}{8}$
4	—	—	66	$82\frac{5}{8}$	$97\frac{1}{2}$	$16\frac{5}{16}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	94	—	—	—	20 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		$67\frac{1}{4}$a$6\frac{7}{8}$
5	—	—	66	$82\frac{5}{8}$	$97\frac{5}{8}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		$66\frac{7}{8}$a$7\frac{1}{8}$
6	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
7	—	$65\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	$65\frac{7}{8}$	$82\frac{5}{8}$	$94\frac{7}{8}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 a$6\frac{3}{4}$
9	—	$65\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	$65\frac{7}{8}$	$82\frac{5}{8}$	$94\frac{7}{8}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	—	94	—	—	—	20 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		$66\frac{3}{4}$a67
10	—	$65\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	66	83	$95\frac{3}{4}$	$16\frac{7}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		$66\frac{7}{8}$a67
11	252	$65\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	66	$82\frac{7}{8}$	$94\frac{3}{4}$	$16\frac{7}{16}$	$1\frac{3}{8}$ *Dis.*	$64\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	$187\frac{1}{2}$	20 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		$66\frac{7}{8}$a$\frac{3}{4}$
12	252	65 a $\frac{1}{4}$	$65\frac{5}{8}$	$82\frac{5}{8}$	$94\frac{1}{2}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	$68\frac{5}{8}$	—	Shut	20 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		$66\frac{3}{4}$a$\frac{1}{2}$
13	$252\frac{1}{2}$	65 a $4\frac{3}{4}$	$65\frac{1}{2}$	$82\frac{1}{2}$	$94\frac{1}{8}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 *Pm*	5 *Pm.*		$66\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$
14	$252\frac{1}{2}$	$64\frac{3}{4}$ a 65	$65\frac{1}{2}$	$82\frac{3}{8}$	94	$16\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{1}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		$66\frac{1}{4}$a$\frac{1}{2}$
16	$252\frac{1}{2}$	$64\frac{7}{8}$ a $5\frac{1}{8}$	$65\frac{5}{8}$	$82\frac{1}{2}$	$94\frac{1}{4}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	$67\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	19 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		$66\frac{3}{8}$a$\frac{5}{8}$
17	—	65 a $\frac{3}{8}$	$65\frac{3}{4}$	$82\frac{1}{2}$	$94\frac{3}{8}$	$16\frac{7}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	$187\frac{3}{8}$	19 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		$66\frac{7}{8}$a$\frac{1}{2}$
18	—	$65\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	$65\frac{3}{4}$	$82\frac{5}{8}$	$94\frac{3}{8}$	$16\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$ *Dis*	—	—	—	—	—	$188\frac{1}{2}$	—	5 *Pm.*		$66\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{3}{4}$
19	257	$65\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$	66	83	$94\frac{7}{8}$	$16\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$ *Dis.*	—	$3\frac{7}{16}$	—	$68\frac{1}{3}$	—	$188\frac{1}{2}$	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*	£22.15s.	$66\frac{3}{4}$a$7\frac{1}{8}$
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